John Bull, August 13th, 1921. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXX. No. 793. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

MORRIS'S VIRGINIA 'BLEND' Cigarettes

are well filled with selected Carolina tobaccos, skilfully blended to give a superb flavour.

1/- for 20

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, E.

A BISHOP'S AMAZING LETTER

GET RID OF YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

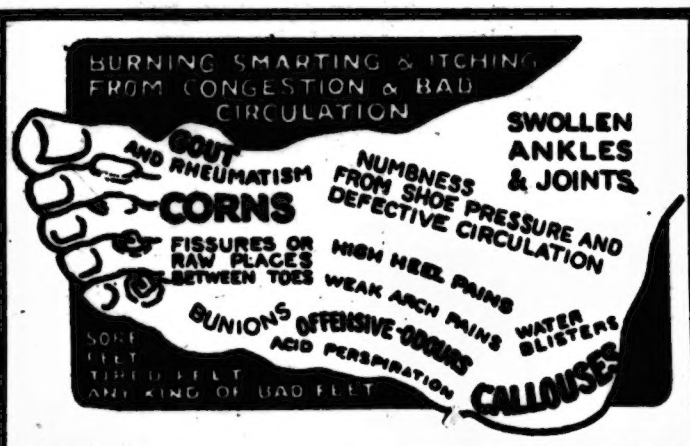
HOW TO TAKE CORNS OUT SO THEY DON'T COME BACK.

Simply use saltrated water, which does the trick every time, and also cures callouses, aching, tenderness, blisters, and even rheumatic and gouty pains.

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. The root just sprouts right up again, and soon your corn has a brand new top on it, bigger than ever. The top is only dead skin anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part, or core, that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. Cutting the top off an aching tooth wouldn't stop the ache. Same way with a corn. Don't worry about the top. Get the root out permanently by using a handful of the refined Reudel Bath Saltrates (you can get a half-pound or so at slight cost from any chemist) dissolved in a gallon of hot water. Just rest your feet in this for a while then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out she'll come, root and all, like the hull comes out of a strawberry. Only a little hole or depression is left in the toe, and that soon closes, so there is nothing left in there to sprout a new corn again.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

is used and highly recommended by Horatia Bottomley, Eugene Corri, A. P. Bottinson, Georges Carpentier, Jimmy Wilde, Alfred Shrubb, Tom Pepper, Sir Harry Lauder, George Robey, Phyllis Monkman, Harry Pilcer, Lee White, Maidie Scott, Violet Loraine, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez and hundreds of other well-known people to whom sound, healthy feet are an absolute necessity.



YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The medicated and oxygenated foot-bath prepared as above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising, all swelling, stiffness and inflammation, any sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past.

What a well-known London Chiropodist writes:

16, Old Bond Street, W.1,
January 17th.

Gentlemen,

During the past two years I have demonstrated the use of Reudel Bath Saltrates to over two thousand clients and recommended its use. I am very pleased to announce to you the high praise I am daily receiving of its beneficial results. It is comforting to use, Safe and Sure.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) ROBERT WORTLEY,
Consulting Chiropodist.

NO MORE SORE, TIRED, TENDER, ACHING FEET

Try one dip in saltrated water for quick and lasting results when feet burn, smart, swell, itch, blister and perspire.

The blood circulation in the feet is nearly always defective, due to their great distance from the heart. For this reason the feet are especially susceptible to heat and cold, the skin callouses easily, pores clog, corns form, and various unhealthy conditions develop rapidly. The lack of proper circulation always renders injuries to the feet highly dangerous and liable to infection, tetanus (lock-jaw) being frequent and tissue repair very slow. Such diseases as Dropsy and Gout usually affect the feet first of all. Bearing the whole weight of the body, shoe pressure on sensitive, irritated nerves and on delicate blood-vessels all tend to make matters worse, for the blood is Nature's own soothing, healing, and curative agent. It will do what no medicine, liniment, or ointment can. When you bruise your flesh, you instinctively rub it to attract the blood and soothe the pain. Stimulate the circulation of the feet by resting them in hot saltrated water, and see how quickly your aches, pains, and other foot troubles disappear. Even rheumatic twinges, stiffness, swellings, and inflammation immediately subside.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

exactly reproduces in concentrated form the essential medicinal constituents found in the well-known medicinal bathing waters of Carlsbad, Aix-les-Bains, and Buffalo Lithia Springs.

Obtainable from any Chemist, Price 2s. and 3s. 6d (double size). Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money will be refunded in full immediately and without question by Saltrates Ltd., 214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

For 2 6 only (no further payment whatever), every urzon Customer will get this Gent's Fawn Macintosh Coat, lined rubber, rain and stormproof; all new and sound (not Government goods). These C ats were sold at 2 guineas each last year.

This **MACINTOSH COAT** is on Sale for **2/6** to every Curzon Customer. It may sound too good to be true, but it *is* true, *and is backed by the "John Bull" Guarantee.*

See foot of this page.

During the holiday weeks, the tailoring trade is quiet, and if we can get sufficient orders to keep our factories working full time, it pays us to make an actual net loss on the orders, because rents, rates, and many other charges have to be paid in full in any case.

You will want a Suit or Overcoat in a month or two; why not order it now? Every customer placing his order this month will have the privilege of buying one of our Curzon's famous Macintosh Coats for the sum of 2/6 only. Curzon's prices for Suit (or Overcoat) are **£2 17/6, £3 5/0, £3 19/6, £4 7/6,** or **£4 19/6** and under a penalty of £1,000 to any charity Curzon's guarantee that these prices have in no way been increased, and that the standard of value, make, finish and trimmings are the same as before this offer was made.

If able to call at any of our shops, as under, please do so, select your materials and be measured. If unable to call, we will send you our Cloth Patterns, together with Fashion Book and Illustrated Self-Measure Chart, by means of which you can be measured at home by a friend. Fit guaranteed. These patterns will only be sent if One Shilling (postal order or stamps), is sent, and this 1/- will not be returnable whether patterns are returned or not. If an order is placed, however, the 1/- may be deducted.

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West End: *107 Strand, W.C. 15f, Strand W.C. 112 New Oxford Street, W.C. 28 and 29, Chancery Lane, W.C. 58 Southampton Row W.C. *13 Old Compton Street, W.
Deptford: *Chesham House, Broadway.
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Forest Gate: *39 Woodgrange Road.
Shoreditch: *185 and 187 Old Street, E.C.
Euston: *13 Hampstead Road
Poplar: *263 East India Dock Road.
Finchley: *13 King's Parade, Church End.
Kingston-on-Thames: *27 Market Place.
City: *34, Liverpool Street, E.C. 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C. 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 115, Fleet Street, E.C.
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Sutton (Surrey): *129, High Street.
Grays (Essex): *71-73, High Street.
Southend-on-Sea: *58, High Street.
Westcliff-on-Sea: *Hamlet Court Road.
Coventry: *High Street (adjoining Lloyd's Bank).

Those starred (*) are open until 8 p.m. or 9 p.m. on Saturdays. The others close early on Saturdays, but are open until late other days.

A Suit (or Overcoat), MADE TO MEASURE from choice quality tweeds, worsteds, serges, flannels, &c., at £2 17/6, £3 5/0, £3 19/6 £4 7/6 or £4 19/6. Each garment is cut and made separately for each Customer & about 10 days required for making. Whatever price suit is ordered, the Macintosh offer applies.

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The Secret of Health

The secret of Health is prevention. For preventing breakdown, lessening fatigue and safeguarding the body against disease, Hall's Wine is wonderful. Nothing so quickly restores health to the jaded or preserves it in those who are well.

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THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE.

A doctor writes : — "I do not know of anything which will 'pick-up' anyone as well as **Hall's Wine.**"

Buy a Bottle To-day.

Large Size, 6/- **Smaller Size, 3/3**

Of all Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

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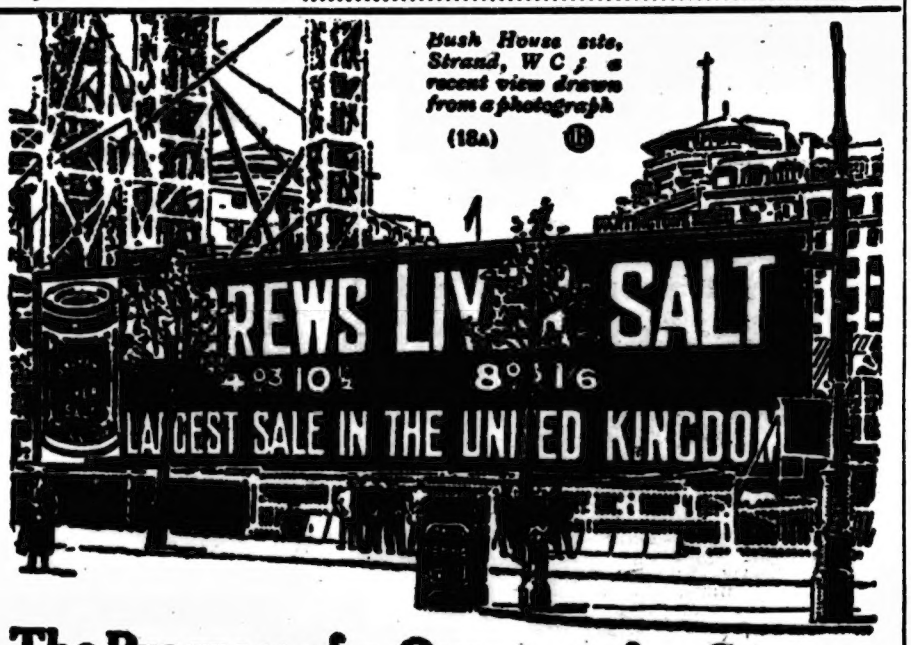

Bush House site, Strand, W.C.; a recent view drawn from a photograph

(18A)

The Progress of a Quarter-of-a-Century

The new Factory is turning out more Tins of Andrews' *in an hour* than would have been a week's output in the beginning—twenty-five years ago

The huge new mixers are turning every minute hundreds of busy workpeople are making, filling, weighing and packing, in an endeavour to keep pace with demand. Further machinery is being installed now.

The very obvious explanation of the success of Andrews' Liver Salt is that it supplies a household need. . . In helping *to maintain the family Health*, it has made friends far and wide. . . . Its sale—the largest in the United Kingdom if not in the whole wide World—is the reward of merit. . . 4 oz. (NET) Tin 10½d. 8 oz. (NET) Family Tin 1/6

Take care that you get the *genuine* Andrews' in the familiar green Tin.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to:

SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

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JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 793. Week ending Saturday, August 13th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The General Election.

Despite all rumours to the contrary, we still lean to the view that there will not be a General Election until after the introduction of the next Budget—which, in accordance with the rules of the Great Game, will be a window-dressing concoction.

Ireland.

Of course, the Irish negotiations may at any moment alter the situation; but, even in the remote event of agreement, we doubt whether it would be possible to draft a new Home Rule Bill likely to meet with general approval—especially in the House of Lords—before the end of the year.

Party Organisation.

There is a silly superstition in the minds of people that behind the great political Parties exist vast and powerful organisations, ever alert, which control the destinies of the nation. As a matter of fact, the professional political wire-pullers are the dullest of dogs, and their "machinery" a myth.

Westminster Election.

Take Westminster—where it has been common knowledge for months that a by-election was probable. A week after the funeral of the late member, the Coalition was still looking for a candidate, whilst the "Anti-waste" man was "scooping the pool" or, at any rate, ought to have done so.

The "Anti-Waste" Party.

A purely negative policy never yet succeeded; and Lord Rothermere would be well advised to throw in his lot, and that of his son, with the Independent Parliamentary Group—which is the coming political power.

The Grinning Hun.

It is now quite evident that the Government has no intention of bringing the German war criminals to justice. Their action in this matter is one of the most damnable scandals of the War, and is a very important factor in their defeats at the by-elections. How Germany *is* laughing!

Pity the Lords!

One really does feel some pity for the House of Lords, which, in the last few days of the Session, is to have a shoal of Bills thrown at its head, with an intimation that they must all be passed without delay, as otherwise the holiday arrangements of M.P.s would be dislocated. Such is "Government of the people, by the people, for the people"!

That Wonderful League.

So the League of Nations costs over a million a year to run, and consists of about fifty members, including such powerful countries as Siam, Haiti, Liberia, Serb-Croat-Slovene and Cuba—but not America! No wonder we still have meetings of the Supreme Council, the Dominion Premiers and the Washington Conference!

France and Britain.

By the way, Mr. Lloyd George will not find his job in Paris an easy one. To tell the truth—which is one of the ways of this journal—he is regarded there with the greatest suspicion; and M. Briand will have a few very plain words to say.

A Screaming Farce.

Upon two occasions last week—late at night—the House of Commons passed, without examination or a word of discussion, votes amounting to between 250 and 300 millions of public money, under what is known as the guillotine procedure. And yet the old constitutional doctrine is supposed to be "Grievances before Supply"!

An Official Whip.

Let us illustrate the point by quoting a recent official Government Whip: "Monday, 8th August. The House will meet at 2.45 p.m. Fourth allotted day of the Report Stage of the Railways Bill. *The guillotine will fall on part IV. at 7.30 p.m., and on parts V. and VI. at 11 p.m.*" Hang it all!

Parsonic Licence.

We do not know anything about the Rev. Walter Wynne, of Johannesburg, but he is evidently "some" parson. Here is one of his statements at a recent great gathering: "In a modern world, people prefer Horatio Bottomley to Jesus Christ, and JOHN BULL to the Epistle to the Corinthians." Coming from a parson, of course it cannot be blasphemy.

Business Government Coming.

In one of his speeches, shortly after the Armistice, the Prime Minister frankly admitted that the War would never have been won but for the assistance of the country's business men. Since then he has, from time to time, toyed with the idea of a Business Government, his latest step being the appointment of a strong Committee of practical men—whether M.P.s or not—to revise the expenditure of our Public Departments. We are not great believers in death-bed repentances, but they are better than nothing.

Soldiers' German Wives.

So nearly 150 non-commissioned officers and men have, with the consent of their commanding officers, married German women. And it is but yesterday that we were describing the Huns as depraved and brutal savages who ought to be shunned by all decent human beings!

Our Sunday Article.

Much interest has been aroused by our recent articles in *Sunday Illustrated*—which has now thoroughly "got there"—on "Have Women Gone Too Far?" and "The Mateless Maiden." Next week we shall turn our attention to the sterner sex, under the title of "Why Men Don't Go To Church." Have you ordered *your* copy?

Greece and Turkey.

The continued success of the Greek troops, and her quickly returning commercial prosperity, are having a marked effect upon the public mind, and we should not be surprised to see very soon a revival of the old agitation in favour of turning Turkey entirely out of Europe—for which there is something to be said.

Libellous Postcards.

In common, we suppose, with every other public man, we are frequently the recipient of libellous postcards, either anonymous or bearing false names and addresses. Surely the Post Office scrutineers whose duty it is to check the correct stamping of postcards might be instructed to keep an eye upon this other infringement of the Regulations.

Getting On.

The other day we commented with pride upon the fact that this journal had been grouped with the *Morning Post* as an exponent of "unthinking Chauvinism," and observed that we were glad to sin in such good company. We now observe that the *North Mail* predicts that Lord Birkenhead, "with his discourses on morals and ethics, will shortly be abreast of Mr. Bottomley." Again, we bow.

"Intoxicating Liquor."

We are glad to find our contemporary *Justice*—which has not always dealt justly with us—commending our protest in the House of Commons against the introduction in the Licensing Bill of the phrase "intoxicating liquor"—meaning, of course, simply alcoholic liquor, which, taken in moderation, no more intoxicates a person than does a reasonable meal of meat and vegetables give him apoplexy.

Shame!

What a shame it is that the police should put into trains, in full sight of the public, handcuffed lads of 15 or 16 at the oldest! This was done recently at Wakefield. What crime the boys have committed the police only know, of course, but there is scarcely any crime chargeable against them which could justify so scandalous a public exhibition.

The Living and the Dead.

A surpassing story of pathos and horror was disclosed last week, when it was found that a poor woman at Mildmay Park had been living, sleeping and eating for more than a fortnight in a single room with the dead body of her husband beside her. The devoted widow had pathetically been hoping to have the remains laid to rest at Brockley, close by the grave of the dead man's parents, but had been unable to raise sufficient money to pay the necessary fees. And, after all, her terrible vigil was in vain, and the body had at last to be buried at Tottenham.

The Hinckley Horror.

We are glad to say there is still a likelihood that poor distraught Edith Mary Roberts—who in a moment of frenzy took the life of her newly-born child, and who was ordered to penal servitude for life, following commutation of death sentence—will be released. Although the Home Secretary has declared his inability to advise His Majesty to comply with the prayer of a petition presented to Queen Mary on the unhappy girl's behalf, the Attorney-General (Sir Gordon Hewart) has promised to give the case his serious attention. This is a matter in which the whole country demands that justice shall be tempered with mercy.

For Services Rendered.

Side by side with the recent announcement that the naval prize bounty money for the Battle of Jutland was about to be distributed at rates varying from £8 4s. 3d., in the case of captains in command, down to 2s., we came across the decision of the West Riding County Council to make a grant of £525 to their Assistant Solicitor for services rendered in relation to opposition to proposals for the extension of Leeds and Bradford. No wonder one of our naval readers has decided to have his two-bob piece made into a medal—when he gets it. He asks for our opinion—if it is printable. We are afraid it isn't, but the lower deck has probably heard it expressed pretty freely.

Penny-Wise and Pound-Foolish.

The London County Council attempt to justify their placing of a contract of about £40,000 for a turbo-generator set for Greenwich power station with a foreign firm by the statement that they have saved the ratepayers £7,000 by refusing English tenders. Actually, according to the Chairman of the General Electric Company, whose figures seem to be beyond dispute, the country is losing £25,000 by this work being sent abroad—£15,000 to £18,000 in direct wages to engineering trades, and another £10,000 in wages spent on raw materials. No wonder we have labour troubles and work is hard to find. And what about the additional money lost in unemployment doles? The L.C.C. had better ask the Swiss firm to make a contribution out of their profits.

A Lesson from the Dominions.

In Australia and Canada, criminal assaults on young girls are rare, probably because in the Dominions this foul crime is so seriously regarded that almost invariably the offender is sentenced, without any false sentiment of mercy, to penal servitude for life or for a long term of years. It is high time our laws were revised on the Dominions' lines in this respect.

"Due to the Drought."

Whatever goes wrong this summer is usually attributed to "the drought," and there was some reason for this plea as put forward by a farmer at Rotherham, summoned for selling milk deficient in fat by 9.2 per cent. The water shortage means not only thirst, but dry fodder for cattle—and this, with milch cows, has an immediate effect in reducing both the quantity and quality of the milk. The Rotherham Bench, however, drily refused to accept the "dry" explanation, and fined the defendant £10. Hard lines!

Clear as—Mud.

A business man in Aintree is continually receiving, through the post, "official paid" green cards from somebody or other headed "Instructions: Column (M.) in Schedule," and describing the "Duties of Enumerator" and "Duties of Registrar." He has received about eight of these missives altogether. He doesn't know what they are for, or what they mean, or what he is expected to do with them—so he returns them to the street letter-box, only to find that they come back to his own. The "Instructions" have apparently something to do with the Census, but without references to interpret them they are about as clear as mud.

Do you know Justin?

Justin who? You're Justin time to get a copy of this week's "Passing Show" and enter for "Queeries" Competition! Full particulars in each issue of "Passing Show," weekly 2d.

A Bothersome Bungler.

A firm of London merchants with difficulty got on the Contracts List of the Stores Department of the London County Council for butter, bacon, eggs, and cheese. Some ass or other in the Department is continually inviting them to contract for split peas, barley, tapioca, rice, arrowroot, sago, and oatmeal, though he has been informed over and over again that the firm do not deal in such commodities. Fearing that this bothersome bungler will presently ask them to tender for railway bridges, pigeon's milk, and thistles, they have cut the painter.

"Interesting!"

In his Annual Report, the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops refers to the necessity of devising measures to prevent employees being caught in the revolving shafting and hideously whirled into death; but we can't throw him any bouquets for his manner of doing it. "The subject is interesting crane-builders," says he, "as such failures may not only result in death or injury to workmen, but may involve serious destruction of valuable machinery and hold up manufacturing operations." So horrible a subject might have been handled in a nicer way.

The Wakeford Film.

"The Mystery of the Wakeford Case," presented by Gaumont, Ltd., is having an enthusiastic reception in all parts of the country. On August 11th it will be shown at the Kinema, Holborn, and the Strand Kinema, Edgware Road, and on August 15th at the Hippodrome, Todmorden, the Kursaal, Southend, the Grand Hall, Camberwell, and at the Empire Kinemas at Ilford, East Ham, and Stratford, respectively.

Cigarettes.

To-day, in this free and enlightened country, you cannot buy cigarettes after eight p.m. The licensed houses which are open dare not openly sell them—and retail tobacconists, who are bound to close whether they like it or not, cannot do so without running the risk of a fine. When will our mad mandarins go out into the highways and byways and learn of the people how these petty restrictions by which they seek to curtail individual liberty are abhorred? But wait until the next election!

No Monopoly.

So the railways are not to have a monopoly of transport after all, and their audacious attempt to gain extensive powers to run road vehicles to compete against motor transport has been summarily nipped in the bud. This attempt to crush their rivals comes with ill grace from a source which carried profiteering to its limits and made and is still making travel a penance. Let the railways put their own house in order by providing better facilities and studying the comfort of their passengers. They will find quite enough to occupy their energies without encroaching on the domains of enterprising concerns which are doing their best to make travel endurable.

Breaking Them In.

The Horticultural Society, of Vincent Square, evidently believes in practical tests of students. At a recent examination, a number of candidates were compelled twice daily to sit for three hours on end under conditions which might suit tropical flora, but are rather fierce on poor humans. With the sun pouring through the glass roof, its hundred or so degrees of heat unbroken by any attempt at shading, all doors shut and no evidence of ventilation, it needed powerful self-control not to go to sleep, or a constitution uninured to hot-houses to escape suffocation. When it is realised that the fees for Intermediate exams. are £6 6s., some attempt might be made to allow decent conditions.

Squandermania.

As an example of squandermania pure and simple, we can imagine nothing to cap the doubling of the salary of the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. £1,500 in 1914, this year it rose to £3,000 and the scandalous increase, we are told, was granted by the Government on the recommendation of the committee over which the member for Paisley—Mr. Asquith—presided. The head of a Department devoted to the land is unable to exist on £1,500 per annum, while the unemployed ex-Service man, who risked his life for the land in which he hasn't a stake beyond what is needed to accommodate his clay when dead, is compelled to exist on a paltry dole of 15s. per week! We must keep our eye on Paisley.

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the news at a glance.

Just, but Thoughtful.

Evidently a kind heart beats in the magisterial breast of the Liverpool Stipendiary. Having imposed a fine of 40s. for driving a motor car without a licence, he learned that the man was an ex-soldier out of work, so he withdrew the fine and gave defendant 5s. from the poor box to pay for a licence. Thus is the quality of mercy twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

More Eastoe.

A war widow with four children, compelled to go to the workhouse for want of other accommodation, draws our attention to a newspaper advertisement issued by Chas. R. Eastoe, alleged "house finder," of 9, Ickworth Park Road, London, E.17. "Unfurnished Rooms to let; any district," it says. What Eastoe's house-finding comes to when people apply to him is simply that, at 4s. a month, he offers a list of houses, flats, and rooms to be let. As to its value to people in search of shelter we hae oor doots.

"Britons Never Shall," etc.

With a fatuity born of fanaticism, the so-called advocates of temperance prognosticated that the restrictions on the sale of drink would eradicate drunkenness; yet what has actually happened in the Carlisle area where these restrictions were most stringent? Ninety-four convictions for drunkenness this year, against seventy during the corresponding period last year and thirty-six in 1919! Let us have done, once and for all, with this cant in Carlisle and elsewhere. Then Britons will once more be able to sing "Rule Britannia," and disavow in song the bonds of pumpuritan slavery.

An Aberdeen Food Scandal.

There was a glut of fish at Aberdeen Fish Market the other day, and about two hundred boxes which remained unsold were taken out to sea and thrown away. When we think of the number of hospitals and charitable institutions, not to mention ex-Service men selling lead pencils and stationery from door to door and singing in the streets, who would have been glad of some of this excellent food, we can only describe this dumping as criminal and scandalous waste. Meanwhile, the chairman of a trawling company complains that while fresh fish sells at from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb., the price realised by his company is exactly 2½d. The Government must lose no time in bringing to book whoever is responsible for this disgraceful profiteering.

Aqua Pura.

We are not a bit surprised to learn that ratepayers' associations throughout the country have protested against the New Water Undertakings (Modification of Charges) Bill. If this Bill becomes law, the water companies can raise their charges by an order of the Ministry of Health without reference to Parliament. We always understood that the particular province of the Ministry of Health was to see that water was bacilli proof and that plenty of it was available for hygienic purposes. The Ministry's appearance in a mercenary capacity in connection with a God-given commodity like water makes us wonder if penny in the slot meters for the air we breathe will be the next thing on the Health Ministry's programme.

Fiendish Ferocity.

George Bailey, of York Street, Southampton, is an inhuman biped who degrades the very name of man. He has been before the Magistrates charged with battering in a dog's head with a four-pound hammer. Fiendish ferocity of this kind is only to be met by utmost severity of punishment. Brutes like Bailey should be made to understand that they cannot commit such cruelty with impunity—yet the creature received only one month's hard labour!

Side-Lines and Selfishness.

An unemployed man sends a bitter complaint against the selfish greed of people who, having one fairly flourishing business, must needs grab for more by what our reader calls "side-lines." Undoubtedly, many a workless man might turn a few honest pennies if allowed to cater for the small needs of a district; but the paper shop, for instance, tries a bowl of eggs, the greengrocer exhibits a few rolls of butter, the tobacconist has a stall outside selling ice-cream. During the present distress, and till times improve, the cobbler can help by "sticking to his last," so to speak.

FOR TEN
FOOTBALL RESULTS
£1,000
MUST BE WON.
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

The Walls of Woe.

In knocking down the walls of a house occupied by an out-of-work Mons man, named Ingerfield, with a wife and four children, the Camberwell Borough Council seems to be taking a course positively vicious. True, the house has been condemned, but the people have lived in it five years and it is the only place in which they have to live. The house they are offered in lieu is the workhouse; which is not the place where heroes love to dwell.

Boy Scouts.

We are assured by Sir Robert Baden Powell that the proposal to register the name of "Scout" and the "Scout Uniform" as the exclusive appendages of his organisation is not based upon any militaristic motive, but is put forward "to protect all Incorporated Associations for the training of boys and girls against unauthorised and undesirable imitators." We have reason to believe that such a safeguard is necessary, and are inclined to approve of the Chief Scout's suggestion.

Shayler's Sleepy Conscience.

We recently took Mr. Hugh Shayler, Secretary, Civil Service Alliance, to task for advocating reinstatement of conscientious objectors as "a measure of justice," and pointed out that in the very service to which he wishes these skunks to return are hundreds of maimed and broken men, who incurred their sufferings fighting for such wasters. The worthy Shayler is, we understand, adopted as Labour Candidate for Finchley, and we hope the men and women whose firesides are sadder for the loss of dear ones will remember them when called upon to vote for a person who openly applauds the worthless shirkers who stayed at home.

Another Nice Job.

Several of our Birmingham readers write to inform us that, while on the one hand there is a loss on the municipal gas undertaking of £160,000, involving an increase of 1s. per 1,000 feet in the price of gas, on the other hand the City Treasurer is to have an assistant at a salary of £1,050 a year. Half the city is out of work or on part time. And yet the Corporation are creating this high-salaried job in order that the City Treasurer shall not strain himself through overwork!

Leith and Horse Flesh.

It is easy to understand the objection of Leith butchers and many Leith people to having worn-out and diseased horses, rejected for export, slaughtered in the same abattoir as cattle, intended for human food in this country. If, however, the Leith abattoirs are not used, the horses have to be travelled to Loanhead, seven miles from Leith Docks. Humanity demands that they should be dealt with on the spot. If the Markets Committee could set apart a portion of the Leith abattoirs exclusively for the slaughter of horses, this would meet the situation in the best way.

Trainers.

The action of the Ministry of Labour in discharging disabled trainees from Government factories before their full training period has expired has not only created a great deal of dissatisfaction, but is by no means easy to understand. Strong objection is taken by the Manchester branch of the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Training Association to the Ministry's arrangement for training a further 16,000 men, despite the fact that they cannot find jobs for those already partially trained. Sooner or later, however, the trained men must be absorbed into industry.

When Theft is Myxœdema.

According to a Hull contemporary, a well-dressed woman of that city recently achieved possession of a number of articles of clothing during a period of six months. An ordinary person would, without hesitation, have called it theft, and the "appropriator" would have been bluntly termed a thief. But a Hull doctor stoutly maintains that in the case of this person, she having plenty of money, the offence was really myxœdema, a comparatively new disease! Perhaps out of sheer gratitude at getting a change from "kleptomania" the Bench accepted the plea. When people can pronounce it, the new complaint will probably become quite popular.

Sorters and Scavengers.

Few occupations present greater or more constant temptations to dishonesty than that of Post Office "sorter," and considering the enormous number of letters that pass daily through nearly every sorter's hands, it is much to their credit, as a class, that the number of thefts is very small, especially as the pay is notoriously and wickedly inadequate. In London a male sorter at 21 years receives only 30s. a week, rising by small increments to 45s. at the age of 26, where he "stops" unless he passes the "efficiency bar" and goes on to the maximum of 67s. 6d., reached at the age of 35; while the rates in the provinces are considerably lower. Contrast this scale with the scavenger's and roadsweeper's minimum wage of £4!

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the week's news in pictures.

MRS. GOODING'S ACCUSER SPEAKS.

MISS SWAN, OF LITTLEHAMPTON, WRITES A REMARKABLE LETTER TO "JOHN BULL."

THE offer of £100 reward for the discovery of the real culprit in the Gooding case has had a remarkable result. It has elicited from Miss Edith Emily Swan, the recipient of the foul missives in respect of which Mrs. Gooding was twice sent to prison, a long and circumstantial communication addressed to the Editor of JOHN BULL. This document, while it throws little fresh light upon the deepening mystery, is none the less of great human interest. It points to a feud between these next-door neighbours in a back street at Littlehampton so bitter and remorseless as gravely to threaten the peace and quietude of this sheltered haven by the sea. The central mystery apart, it is easy enough to see how the whole thing happened. The Goodings and the Swans were about as friendly as the Kilkenny cats. Innumerable trifling incidents had been magnified into occasions of offence; more than once high words had passed, interspersed—according to Miss Swan—with a few low ones that lingered in her memory. Then came the climax. A stream of anonymous letters and postcards began to descend upon the Swan household, and it was noticed that these offensive communications reproduced, *inter alia*—as the lawyers say—certain choice expressions which in times past had been flung across the garden wall. The rest was easy for Miss Swan, though hard for Mrs. Gooding. After reading her letter, we have no doubt whatever that in her own mind Miss Swan honestly believes that Mrs. Gooding was the author of the letters which led to her appearance at the Lewes Assizes. In spite of the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal, we are perfectly satisfied that she believes it still.

A FLIMSY CONVICTION.

The case is one about which much arrant rubbish has been written. In certain quarters, it has been confidently stated that the evidence at Mrs. Gooding's two trials was of such a cogent nature as entirely to justify Mr. Justice Avory's conclusion—upon the second occasion—that the jury's verdict was sound. This is a view we cannot for a moment accept. We have been at pains to examine the evidence in detail, and have found, as we expected, that the case against Mrs. Gooding fell far short of reasonable proof. At the second trial, which resulted in a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment, the evidence was not a shade stronger than at the first. At the most, there was little more than a beggarly array of suspicious circumstances. First came Miss Swan, in the *role* of righteous accuser, to swear that ever since she reported Mrs. Gooding to the N.S.P.C.C. for beating a baby, her neighbour had had a grudge against her—which, as she firmly believes, had culminated in a campaign of postal abuse. One material fact—and one only—was Miss Swan prepared to attest on oath. She swore that she had seen the prisoner fling one of the notes into her garden. That was all.

THE JUDGE'S BLUNDER.

The remaining witnesses for the prosecution had even less to say. The whole case against Mrs. Gooding hinged upon the fact that three months previously she had been found guilty of a similar offence, and it is as certain as anything can be that if she had not been convicted in December she would have been acquitted in March. The only circumstance that differentiated the two trials was that upon the first occasion a painter named Reuben Lynn swore that he saw Mrs. Gooding's little girl post a card which, if his eyesight was to be trusted, bore the name of "Swan." In the March trial, Mr. Lynn's casual squint at this post-card, coupled with Miss Swan's fleeting vision of her obnoxious neighbour as she ran past the kitchen door, sufficed to procure a verdict of guilty, followed by a heavy sentence of imprisonment. It would not be true to say that, in these circumstances, we are surprised that Mr. Justice Avory should have declared himself "entirely satisfied with the verdict of the jury." Knowing his Lordship, we are not surprised at anything. We do strongly suggest, however, that the evidence against Mrs. Gooding would not have satisfied any Judge whose mind was formed elsewhere than at the Treasury Bar. The suggestion that Mr. Justice Avory conducted the second Gooding trial in a proper manner is stuff and nonsense. What he did, as the reports clearly show, was to allow the prisoner's first conviction before Mr. Justice Roche to weigh heavily against her in the second trial, and to accept a couple of odd facts as presumptive evidence of her guilt. Such a travesty of judicial procedure would not be tolerated in the Fiji Islands. An equal fallacy is that which suggests that, now that the Court of Criminal Appeal has given its decision in Mrs. Gooding's favour, there is no more to be done. No fair-minded person will endorse this view. Where a grave miscarriage of justice has occurred we cannot accept the principle of "the least said the soonest mended," and we are determined that, by hook or by crook, the true culprit shall be found. Otherwise Mrs. Gooding still rests under the shadow of suspicion. Miss Swan still believes her guilty. Possibly others in Littlehampton believe it. It is monstrously unfair. The true culprit must be found.

£100 REWARD.

We still maintain our offer of a reward of £100 for any information which will enable the Editor of JOHN BULL to identify the author of the mysterious letters. We care not who the culprit may be. In our efforts we shall have the support of Miss Swan, who writes: "I am following up certain clues, and am in communication with the police. I am as anxious as anyone to get to the bottom of all this. I have no desire to see an innocent woman suffer." Nor has any decent person. Already Mrs. Gooding has suffered more than enough, and whatever faults she may have, she is clearly entitled to the full benefit of her outright acquittal by the Court of Criminal Appeal. If the discovery of the culprit is beyond the powers of the Sussex police, their efforts must be reinforced from Scotland Yard. Meanwhile, we shall pursue our own investigations, and we need the help of our readers. If any person can throw the faintest light upon the Gooding mystery, he or she should write at once, in confidence, to the Chief Commissioner, at the offices of JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. There is one simple direct question to be solved: Who wrote these letters, foul to the limit of adult depravity, yet penned in a childish hand?

AN ABSURD CHARGE.

MAN ACCUSED OF AN IMPOSSIBLE OFFENCE.

At Stratford recently a respectable man, Frederick Smith, was charged with using insulting words and behaviour at Dagenham. There had been a riot outside the Police Station there, and Smith, who happened to be standing at the gate of his house in his shirt-sleeves, was presumably mistaken for one of the disturbers of the peace and incontinently "run in." At the Police Station he appears to have been handled none too gently, and still shows some of the bruises he there sustained. The absurdity of the charge against him was made manifest at Stratford when it transpired that Frederick Smith was a deaf mute! How a man deprived of the power of speech could use "insulting words" was a puzzle which not even the ingenuity of the police could solve, so the Magistrate discharged him. We took the trouble to have Smith medically examined, and hold the certificate of Dr. Scanlan, of Barking, that he is a deaf mute. Moreover, we have every assurance that he is a quiet and respectable young man—and it is to be deplored that he should have been subjected to the indignity of arrest on a baseless charge.

INDUSTRIAL JEALOUSY.

WHERE EXAMPLE IS WORSE THAN PRECEPT.

Trade Unionism is very keen on self-determination and the right of access to employers for collective bargaining, but the tyranny of the Workers' Union towards the Trade Union and Labour Service Guild is proof positive that it does not always practise what it preaches. The Guild is primarily a union of clerical workers, and there is affiliated to it the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Confederation. Members of the staff of the Workers' Union, exercising a natural right, have joined the ranks of the Trade Union and Labour Service Guild, no doubt for the reason that they would have greater freedom of expression than as members of the union which employed them. The Workers' Union have now intimated that their staff must cease to belong to the Guild, and that if they remain members of it they will receive what is commonly known as the order of the boot in respect of their employment. Not only so. The Workers' Union have arbitrarily refused to have anything to say to the Guild about the matter, and will not meet Guild officials for discussion. Such is the row—and, as it goes, a very pretty row it is.

WOES OF A POLICEMAN'S WIDOW.

DENIED A PENSION AND A BARE LIVING WAGE.

The widow of the late police pensioner Harry Hunt is unfortunate, inasmuch as her husband died prior to the passing of the Police (Pensions) Act, 1918, leaving her ineligible for the grant of a widow's pension. An additional grievance is that, having acted as one of the two matrons at Crawford Place Police Station for four-and-a-half years, she has now been asked—owing to a decrease in the number of female prisoners—to continue to give her services at the Police Station, not on a salary basis, but for payment as her services may be necessary. That is to say, she is required to be on duty 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, on the off-chance of her being called upon to perform some matron's office. Mrs. Hunt is 60 years of age, and cannot possibly see a living under the conditions offered her. This scurvy treatment has received the sanction of the Commissoner of Police and the Home Secretary, and we say it is a shameful thing that greater consideration is not shown for this elderly widow. A little more elasticity in the application of the law seems desirable, especially in the case of aged people unable longer to fend for themselves.

Don't forget to take SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED on your holidays.

GRAVE DIPLOMATIC SCANDAL.

REPRESENTATIVES OF FOREIGN POWERS INSULTED.

The close of the British Medical Association's Annual Conference was marred at Newcastle the other day by surely the most glaring instance of boorish rudeness and gratuitous insult that has ever been offered by Englishmen to the diplomatic representatives of Foreign Powers. Indeed, had it not been for the prompt and abject apologies of the Newcastle Civic authorities the offensive conduct of those concerned might well have led to "international complications." Here are the facts put very shortly :—

It is well known that Spain and Argentina are among our best actual and prospective purchasers of ships. On the completion of one war vessel, the Spanish Admiralty despatched a crew of naval officers and men to take delivery. The French, Spanish and Argentine Consuls received invitations to a "reception" and ball by a certain local shipping magnate. By an omission which can charitably be ascribed to ignorance of diplomatic etiquette, the French Vice-Consul was not invited, but a distinguished member of the British Medical Association, for the benefit of which the ball was ostensibly given, supplied, on his own authority, the necessary card, assuring the recipient that although it did not bear his name, everything was in order.

"SILENCE GIVES CONSENT."

It so happened, by curious coincidence, that the Spanish Consul in turn had been invited by the President of the British Medical Association to reckon the officers of the Royal Spanish Navy as guests at this and any other similar functions. This, of course, was perfectly clear in itself. But to make assurance doubly sure, the Consul wrote to the host, and mentioning the invitation specifically added that if he received no reply he would take the liberty of assuming that there was no objection thereto, the officers having already been recognised by the Lord Mayor as honoured visitors to Tyneside. His courteous form of speech was taken literally, for he did, in fact, receive no reply! Accordingly, the members of Newcastle's resident diplomatic corps, with their guests, honoured the assemblage by their presence. They were welcomed by their host and hostess and passed on in due course to a second group comprising, amongst others, the host's son. Here to the utter amazement of themselves and to the horror of those who stood by, M. Charles Lancial was abruptly asked who he was. Although his reply was, "The Vice-Consul of France," inspection of his invitation card was demanded. And then came the crowning infamy of public and scandalous insult. The card was ostentatiously torn in half. But worse, if possible, was to follow. The Spanish Consul was then challenged and informed that, although he himself was free to pass on, the Naval Officers must go. On Señor Guijarro's protestation the whole party of Spanish gentlemen, together with the Argentine Consul, was literally and ignominiously hustled out of the building.

PUBLIC APOLOGY REQUIRED.

We should have thought that Newcastle would have been anxious to dissociate itself, through the Press, from those concerned, and it was therefore with crowning amazement that we read the following audacious demand, written on the Lord Mayor's official notepaper, and signed by his Secretary: "I am instructed to inform you that it is most essential that you should not give publicity to anything that came to your knowledge as a result of the unfortunate incident at Barras Bridge Assembly Rooms last week." It won't do, Mr. Secretary! In the interests not only of Newcastle but of Britain itself this is not a matter to be hushed up, but one that demands the fullest publicity and a frank, free *public* apology

THE RECTOR AND THE POOR-BOX.

CURIOUS CONDUCT OF A CORNISH CLERGYMAN.

Those who are sufficiently interested in the matter to look up Ecclesiastical Law will find it laid down that there shall be a pulpit, a font, and a poor-box in every Church of England, and, to our mind, for purposes of practical Christianity, the latter is the most important. The framers of the Ecclesiastical Law evidently had a full sense of the importance of alms, and of the necessity of safeguarding their collection and distribution, for Canon 84 is very explicit on the point. In view of what is to follow, it is worth quoting in full.

CHEST FOR ALMS.

> A strong chest with a hole in the upper part thereof, having three keys, should be provided, of which one shall remain in the custody of the parson, vicar or curate, and the other two in the custody of the churchwardens for the time being; which chest they shall set and fasten in the most convenient place, to the intent that the parishioners may put into it alms for their poor neighbours. And the keepers of the keys shall yearly, quarterly, or oftener, as need requireth, take such alms, etc. out of the chest, and distribute the same, in the presence of most or of six chief parishioners, to their most poor and needy neighbours.

These chests, some of them centuries old, may be seen in any of our Cathedrals, and the three keyholes are eloquent of the shrewdness of the old Ecclesiastical lawyers, who evidently had as good reason for instituting this safeguard when the law was framed as there is to-day, as we shall show. Near Bodmin, Cornwall, is Lanivet Parish Church, the Rector of which for the last sixteen years has been the Rev. Stanley Windsor, M.A., whose income is sufficient in a rural district to support him in dignity. His duties are exceedingly light, as the attendance at the church sometimes does not exceed a dozen people in the morning, and possibly double that number in the evening. The Church, however, has its alms box, and the parish its poor neighbours. Yet it is difficult to find that anyone has been relieved from the poor-box for many years past. Attempts have been made to secure a proper accounting for alms, notably by Colonel Sir William Serjeant, C.B., a fine old warrior with the welfare of the poor at heart, but all that can be got from the disobliging Rector is a vague statement that the money has been placed to the Church expenses. In view of the amount of feeling in the parish, it is highly desirable, to say the least of it, that the Rector should make a public statement accounting fully for the moneys which have been placed in the poor-box, for his extraordinary reticence on the point is only likely to bring the Church into disrepute, and certainly render valueless any spiritual ministrations of his among his humble rural parishioners.

MULCTING THE MINER.

NO UNEMPLOYMENT PAY FOR OLD UNIONIST.

When the miners' strike was called, John Robinson, of Darren View, Merthyr Tydfil, was employed as a repairer in the collieries of Crawshay Brothers. He had been there since 1913, except during his Army service. He is a member of the Miners' Federation, but from the day of the strike to the day of the settlement he has not received a single penny piece from the Federation as unemployment donation, or in any other way. He had saved £20. With a wife and three children, he soon exhausted the money and went to Hereford, where he had a few days' haymaking. Since then he has been tramping about, footsore and destitute, in an effort to get back to the Merthyr collieries. On the strength of this story, told to us on his arrival in London, we paid Robinson's fare home. What have the Federation officials to say about it?

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A HAUNTING HORROR.

DYING MAN HOUNDED TO THE DOCK AND THENCE TO GAOL.

WE do not know what motive impelled William Walter Watkins to make a desperate attempt upon his own life. We can only conjecture and surmise. He was a lonely man, the sole occupant of his house at Pontrilas. He had spent the early part of his life as cook in a Canadian lumber camp, where he contracted consumption. After an attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, he returned home. A solitary bachelor, of 52, he appears to have become a victim of depression, aggravated by the recent torrid weather. Finally, utterly dejected, he seized a razor and tried to put an end to his existence. He succeeded only in wounding himself, and was conveyed to Hereford Hospital by Dr. D. I. Anderson, of Pontrilas, who rendered first aid. Owing to his condition it was not deemed advisable to charge him at the hospital with attempted suicide, but while under treatment there he was attended to by the police, the medical authorities refusing to accept him otherwise. He was admitted to the hospital on the 12th of July. On July 20th, Dr. Anderson visited Watkins and found him in bed in a very weak, emaciated condition, his sunken cheeks suffused with a hectic flush. The House Surgeon stated that the wound was not completely healed.

Conveyed to the Court.

The same afternoon, Dr. Anderson was shocked to learn that it was the intention to bring the suffering man up at Abbeydore the following day, and that he (the doctor) would be required to give evidence. Convinced that Watkins was unfit to leave the hospital, he protested strongly to the constables in charge of the case. He tried to see the Magistrate's Clerk, and failed; but later in the evening was told that everything would be done to postpone the proceedings, and that the Magistrate's Clerk would get into communication with the House Surgeon with that object in view. The following morning, however, he was informed by one of the constables that it had proved impossible to delay the discharge, and that Watkins would be conveyed to Abbeydore that day, to appear before the Bench at 2 o'clock. The undoubtedly sympathetic Magistrate had no alternative but to commit Watkins for trial; and then followed a consultation between himself, his Clerk, and Dr. Anderson as to what had best be done with the accused in the meantime. It was proposed that he should be sent to Abbeydore Union Infirmary; but as there was no possible provision there for his being looked after, the suggestion was ruled out.

Carried to Prison.

Then the idea of returning him to Hospital was discussed at length; but as he had been discharged therefrom only a few hours before, it was thought very unlikely that he would be re-admitted, and it was decided not to risk the return journey. As a man in his condition could not be kept in the cells of the Police Station at Abbeydore overnight, and as it was understood there was an Infirmary in connection with the prison at Usk, it was resolved to make the best of a bad job and send him there. It meant a journey of some twenty-six or twenty-seven miles. Accordingly, the sick man was sent to Usk Prison to await the Herefordshire Quarter Sessions, at which he was destined never to appear. Upon his arrival he was refused admission by the warder until he had been seen by the Prison Surgeon. What, apparently, was not obvious to the hospital authorities was very plain to the prison officials. Watkins was evidently seriously ill, and Dr. Hackett, the Prison Surgeon, ordered his instant removal to the Prison Infirmary, at the same time expressing his opinion that it was a grave error of judgment to have sent the man to gaol in the condition he then was. There, notwithstanding the most expert and assiduous attention, Watkins died. The jury of the subsequent Coroner's inquest found that he succumbed to heart failure, accelerated by loss of blood from the wound in his throat; but we are glad to say they also strongly condemned the Hereford Hospital authorities for allowing him to be discharged in his then state of weakness. To no one else did they attach any blame. Indeed, they very properly complimented the Prison authorities on their action in admitting the deceased and treating him so well in the Infirmary. We endorse the jury's remarks in every particular, but regret that they did not mark their condemnation of the Hospital authorities with greater severity. The man's discharge in such a pitiful state of weakness reflects very seriously on the humanity of the House Surgeon. He, in our considered opinion, should be visited with the most condign censure.

Callous Disregard.

Surely one can have nothing but pity for this unhappy victim! It seems, however, that in the eyes of the medical staff of Hereford Hospital he was a kind of leper, whom they did not deign to touch, and, even in his extremity, would admit only on the condition that the police looked after him. But the conduct of the House Surgeon suggests that he was callously eager to get Watkins away. That he discharged him when utterly unfit to be removed from his bed is the undeniable fact. At the hospital, where one is entitled to look for humane treatment, Watkins met with inhumanity. At the prison, where, perhaps, harshness is to be expected, he received the kindliest attention and the most sympathetic care. First look upon this picture—then on that! The first shocks; the second moves one to feelings of gratitude. It is deeply to be regretted that the comparison should be to the discredit of a hospital.

FOLLY OF THE WISE.

GREAT SPECIALIST BARRED FROM CONFERENCE.

To the lay mind it seems inconceivable that the second annual Conference, held recently in London, of the experts who form the International Union constituted to enquire into and fight Tuberculosis, the "great white scourge of civilisation," should have confined that gathering to consideration of methods of preventing the dread disease. The limitation is the more mysterious and inexplicable as it appears that when M. Spahlinger, the brilliant young Swiss bacteriologist and enthusiast, who claims to have found a rapid and effective cure even for advanced tuberculosis, hurried over to London at the instance of several keenly interested persons, with the expectation of being admitted to the Conference he was informed that it had "not met to discuss cures," and he must wait till next year—by which time thousands of sufferers, men, women and children, will be in their graves! As M. Spahlinger was most courteously received by the Chairman of the Conference, Sir Robert Philip, who evinced the keenest and most sympathetic interest in his method, and in fact, "sat up nearly all night" discussing it with him, it is pretty safe to conclude that the refusal of the Conference even to hear what M. Spahlinger had to say must not be attributed to that gentleman. Is it due to the mysterious and still unknown influence which prompted the Ministry of Health, a short time ago, to refuse to receive any information or to examine any proofs of the efficacy of the Spahlinger Treatment, even though the proofs and the information were offered free of any expense whatsoever?

ARISTOCRATIC WELSHERS.

POLITE "PENCILLERS'" POOR PERFORMANCES.

Plain "Bill Snooks" or "'Arry 'Oppit" may or may not meet their betting liabilities to clients with such regularity as to win prizes for punctuality, but default is merely greeted with a burst of language. When, however, the commission "agents" blazon forth their claims to a "social position in itself a guarantee of their financial integrity"—to quote from a circular now before us—a slightly different view may be taken. Messrs. Howard and Ironside, in a letter addressed from 108, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, make quite a strong point that "both partners are Public School-men, and ex-regular officers in the British Army, Mr. J. Baghino-Howard, educated at Beaumont College and Royal Military College, Sandhurst." Capt. H. Briscoe-Ironside, "Harrow and Sandhurst," claims also O.B.E. and M.C. "Both partners served at the front throughout the late war." But a reader who, on the strength of this aristocratic window-dressing, became a client, is frankly disappointed with the result. He tempted fate with £1; and as the animal he selected tried to win sitting down, he lost, and paid up. Subsequent operations, with in-and-out luck, resulted in a credit balance of £8 4s., for which he has applied many times in vain by both letter and 'phone. A call only achieved an interview with a representative of the "firm," who calmly offered in settlement the one pound our reader had paid when he lost. The last heard of this blue-blooded pair is that "they have left for abroad, and the business was being sold to another firm"!

MICE AND MEN.

RESEARCH BY ALL MEANS, BUT NOT TORTURE.

As lovers of animals, we are not too happy about the extension of vivisection disclosed in an official Return just published by the authorities concerned, from which it appears that experiments were extended to thiry-five new places in 1920, with an increase of 7,490 operations over those of 1919. We are told that most of the operations performed without the aid of anæsthetics were conducted on mice. We don't know what ailments are common to mice and men, unless it is fleas; but possibly the investigators who poke about their "innards" regard mice, as foxes are regarded by most farmers, as vermin, insensible to pain, and even capable of enjoying the chase which commonly ends with their death. Our aim has always been to maintain an unprejudiced attitude towards vivisection, believing that man has certain rights over the lower animals, entitling him to use them for his benefit. But having seen an animal on an operating table, so horribly mutilated that at first glance it was difficult to say what sort of creature it was, we can only hope that the inspection of authorised vivisection laboratories is thoroughly carried out. Personally, we would not claim one extra year of life at the cost of the agony of some helpless member of God's creation, realising, as we do, the brotherhood that exists, or should exist, between the animate units of animate nature, from the highest to the lowest. As we have rights over the lower animals, so have we duties towards them, and every true citizen demands that they shall have adequate protection—even against cruelty in the cause of science.

A SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

ADMIRALTY CALLOUSNESS TOWARDS THE DEAD.

When will Government officials realise that, after all, they *are* the servants of the long-suffering public that pays them? The other day a young sailor, who had served gallantly throughout the war, met his death in the Medway while on duty with H.M.S. *Hecla*. Naturally the lad's father, as soon as the news was communicated to him, asked the Admiralty for the usual funeral facilities. They were refused, on the ground that the nearest gun-carriage was at Chatham! It may be that this excuse was valid. It may be, though we doubt it, that all our puissant Admiralty could offer was the loan of a Union Jack with which to cover, for a few short moments, the body of a dead hero. But there is every reason why it should be impossible for a bereaved father who has given his only son to his country to be told, in the very hour of his grief, that he would be held responsible that the flag was neither damaged nor dirtied. Whoever the jack-in-office was from whom the remark came, he can boast neither gentlemanly instinct nor an ounce of common humanity. It was an outrage to the dead, and will be so regarded not only by the officers and men of the Royal Navy but by the public generally. This is the kind of nauseating treatment we have pledged ourselves to resist vigorously. In the dark days England expected every man to do his duty, and not once was she disappointed—and if the bureaucrats of Whitehall imagine that the British nation has forgotten because the shouting and the tumult have died away, the sooner they rid themselves of the idea the better.

"LOOKING TO YOU!"

BRASS-FACED TRY-ON BY ENEMY DEBTS DEPT.

In 1914 a family named Callaghan consisted of the mother, three sons and a daughter. Two sons joined up and went to France in 1915, one being killed at Loos and the other subsequently dying in England from wounds received in action. The hero of Loos had run a business from 43, Breck Road, Liverpool, but on joining up the mother continued it. When the news of his death was received in 1916, the mother broke down, and the remaining son left his job to help her with the business. After getting it in order, he himself went to France, leaving his mother and sister to carry on. In September, 1917, the mother died, so the son returned, settled the affairs, and joined up again, being demobilised in 1919. He reopened at the Breck Road address, with his own savings, gratuity and a grant from the Civil Liabilities Department, in May, 1919. Shortly after, he received a demand for £18 12s., a debt alleged to be due to some German creditor by his brother. He pointed out that he himself had never incurred any liability to a German, that the business of his brother had been taken over by his mother, together with his brother's effects and insurances. As the concern had been wound-up at her death, and the effects distributed, it was obvious that he could not be called upon to pay money due by a firm which had ceased to exist, even though he opened up again at the same address. To this very reasonable reply he received a statement asserting that he "had an interest in the business before the brother died"! And as that didn't wash, the Enemy Debts Office had another try-on up their sleeve—saying that he must have taken it over after the brother's death, and consequently was responsible for all his liabilities. And they "are looking to him" for the amount of the debt, plus 5 per cent. interest from October, 1914, to present date!

HARSH TREATMENT OF ASYLUM NURSE.

INJURED AT WORK AND TURNED ADRIFT DEFORMED

Extraordinary lack of consideration appears to have marked the treatment of Nurse McAnaspie, late of Cane Hill Asylum, Surrey, by the asylum authorities of the London County Council, and a strict Inquiry into the matter seems desirable. Last October, Miss McAnaspie was engaged as a probationer nurse at the institution mentioned, and gave entire satisfaction until February 26th, when, in the course of going about her duties, she slipped, fell, and fractured her wrist. The injury was so severe that it was necessary to put her under an anæsthetic while the fracture was being set, and to keep her confined to bed for a fortnight. The damaged wrist did not mend as might have been expected, and on April 6th, Nurse McAnaspie was sent away for a fortnight's sick leave, with considerable pain and swelling in her arm. She consulted a doctor, and was X-rayed at the West London Hospital. At the expiration of her leave she was still unfit for duty and sent a certificate to that effect. On June 2nd she received telegraphic instructions to attend Sir John Colley for examination, by whom she was sent to Charing Cross Hospital to be again X-rayed. Still suffering, she deferred returning to Cane Hill until June 4th, when she tried in vain to obtain an interview with the Medical Superintendent. She was even denied access to the Matron and head nurses, and after waiting about for several hours returned home. On June 7th, she received a curt intimation that she was suspended as from June 4th, and instructed to attend a Committee meeting on the 9th. This she did, when she was informed that she had discharged herself by leaving the building. Finally, she was given a month's pay in lieu of notice, but was refused the superannuation money that had been deducted from her wages from the first. Denied any sort of compensation for the injury received in the course of her duty, she is thrown upon the labour market with a permanently deformed wrist and is well-nigh hopeless of obtaining employment in any capacity. We do not see why the asylum authorities should be allowed to evade their responsibilities in this case. Nurse McAnaspie was injured in their service, and she has every right to expect generous help in her misfortune. Unless the London County Council look strictly into this matter and bring the officials responsible for this injustice to book, they must share the blame.

HAPPY INSPIRATION WINS £1,000.

FORTUNE FOR A WOUNDED EX-SERVICEMAN.

To receive payment at the rate of £1,000 for four words is beyond the wildest dreams of the most famous living writer. It is only "Bullets" competitors who are rewarded on such a colossal scale. On this occasion Mr. Charles Baker, of 31, Arbuthnot Road, New Cross, London, S.E., is the fortunate recipient, and we offer him our very hearty congratulations. His effort in our "Bullets" Competition No. 418 was adjudged the best. Mr. Baker is a bachelor of 35, at present a temporary Civil Servant. He served four years with the Machine Gun Corps, and was wounded at the Battle of the Somme in July, 1916. He tells us that his successful line was simply the result of a happy inspiration, and that he evolved it unaided. What Mr. Baker will do with his winnings we do not know, but we should like to think that we have provided him with the means of exchanging single blessedness for married bliss. One thousand pounds is a useful sum on which to start housekeeping, and might easily lay the foundation of a successful business enterprise.

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BISHOP'S AMAZING LETTER.

CYNICAL CONTRASTS WITHIN THE PALE OF "THE RICHEST CHURCH IN CHRISTENDOM."

By W. CHARLES PILLEY, *Assistant Editor.*

I WANT at the outset to make it clear that in denouncing the condition of abject poverty in which many of the Church of England clergy are compelled to live, I am animated by no prejudice against the Anglican form of religion, which, as I have reason to know, counts among its adherents some of the stoutest champions of social justice. If similar scandals could be proved I would as readily attack the Seventh Day Adventists, the Plymouth Brethren, or any other of the minor sects; yet it must be admitted that in some respects the Church of England stands in a category of its own. It is the State Church, and the defects of its administration reflect upon the nation as a whole. The condition of the poorer clergy has so often formed the theme of bitter protest that I should not perhaps have ventured to add my voice to the general chorus of condemnation but for the fact that I am in possession of certain astounding information which ought in the common interests of decency to be made public without delay. It has often been suggested that the hierarchy of the Church of England are blind and deaf to the appeal of the poorer clergy, and that as long as their princely incomes are secured they will exert no effort on behalf of their less fortunate brethren. In the past I have been disinclined to accept this cynical estimate of the Bishops, giving them credit for good faith if not always for the highest degree of worldly wisdom. For the future, I shall find it more difficult to take the charitable view.

A Vicar's Plight.

A week ago attention was called in these columns to the unhappy situation of the Rev. G. Watling, Vicar of St. John's, Upper Edmonton, who three years ago, the rise in prices having more than swallowed up his slender stipend, was compelled to file his petition in bankruptcy. In these circumstances his living, valued at £334 per annum, was "sequestrated"—that is to say, a considerable part of it was earmarked for the benefit of his creditors, leaving him to maintain a wife and two growing boys on a pittance of £200 per annum. The comment appended to the story in JOHN BULL, every syllable of which I most heartily endorse, was as follows:—"If there are any wealthy worshippers at St. John's who possess an atom of Christian charity, better days will come, for it is up to them to do the right thing." I will only add that their Bishop should have set them an example. Did he? We shall see.

The Bishop's Move.

The Vicar's plight was desperate. Not long ago he told a newspaper reporter—and from what I know I can well believe him—that at the moment he had only eighteenpence in cash, and was engaged, moreover, in a despairing effort to keep up appearances with a single suit of clothes. Once he had been summoned for rates and, a fresh instalment having since fallen due, further proceedings were threatened. To make matters worse, his wife was an invalid and neither she nor the children had been able to get sufficient food. That there was nothing in Mr. Watling's character to account for his misfortunes was evident from the fact that he had received from the Bishop of Willesden a handsome testimonial designed to assist him in obtaining scholastic employment. Only in the last extremity, and in the hope of securing certain medical comforts for his sick wife, did the unfortunate man make his sufferings known through the medium of the Press. This, apparently, was a cardinal offence in the eyes of his ecclesiastical superiors, although I confess it is with a shock of surprise that I have learned of the high-handed action taken by the Right Rev. W. W. Perrin, D.D., Bishop of Willesden. I have been permitted to read a letter from the Bishop to Mr. Watling, dated July 28th, 1921, which, in order to be perfectly fair, I propose to quote in full. When an episcopal dignitary writes a letter to a parish priest, he must not be surprised and ought not to feel aggrieved if he achieves a publicity wider than was originally intended. The letter, written throughout in Dr. Perrin's handwriting, reads:

> My Dear Watling,
>
> My attention has been called to one more of your appeals in the Press . . . I have desired the Editor to insert a note asking that no money may be sent to you until the senders have communicated with me.
>
> I have not heard from you the result of your application for work in the Education Department. My testimonial was only given on condition that you resign your living if work can be found.
>
> Yours, W. W. Willesden.

I am happy to state that this insulting missive has not altogether achieved the ungenerous purpose intended by its Right Reverend author. Respected by his parishioners, to whom he has rendered several years of strenuous though grossly underpaid service, the Vicar looks forward with confidence to the time when he may be able to obtain a fresh start in life. When that happy day comes, Mr. Watling will have many kind folks to thank, but not the Bishop of Willesden—who, at the critical moment, intervened to no better purpose than to dam the stream of charity, as if the Vicar of St. John's had been a worthless reprobate.

The True Disgrace.

I think I know what was in the Bishop's mind. It was such a "disgrace" to the Church of England for one of its accredited Ministers to be receiving alms from a compassionate public. The Bishop of Willesden was doubtless sincere enough in his purpose of saving the Church from scandal, but his method was singularly ill-chosen, and his judgment sadly at fault. Only the other day I came across the advertisement of an "advowson" on the East Coast, recommended to purchasers on the ground that the living, worth £500 a year, was "almost a sinecure." This, and the sweating of town clergy who minister to the poorest of the population, is the true disgrace to which the Bishop of Willesden might well direct his episcopal mind.

LEFT TO DIE.

CALLOUS CONDUCT OF THREE SOON COMPANIONS.

Three men—Thomas May, Charles Kiff and Frederick Ward, a sailor in the Navy, all of St. Albans—a week or two ago met and chatted with a friend, Quartermaster-Sergeant Robert Asbury, of Brixton. Asbury made a bet that he was the best marksman. Kiff, having had first shot, was about to hand the revolver to Asbury when it went off, and the poor fellow fell wounded. The natural and obvious thing for the others to do was to send one to fetch a doctor while the others rendered what aid they could to the injured man. But what this amazing trio did was coolly to walk off! Kiff actually went home *and ate his dinner*, while the other two, though they did set out to find a doctor, did it in such a casual and leisurely way that they strolled into a public-house for drinks *en route*. When eventually they returned to the riding school, Asbury was dead, from shock and hæmorrhage, though there is every probability that his life might have been saved if skilled help had been promptly summoned. The verdict given at the inquest, "Death by Misadventure," was the only possible one, as the fatal occurrence in itself was an absolute accident. Nevertheless, the three survivors got off very lightly with a stern censure by the Coroner on their callous inhumanity. They deserve to be ostracised by all decent people!

STARVING GENIUS.

A POSSIBLE STAR WHO CANNOT AFFORD TUITION.

The untalented offspring of Belgravia and Suburbia, commanding highly paid tutelage, has unlimited licence and option to torture unoffending instruments and murder helpless masterpieces with no further penalties than the muttered curses of neighbours. A genius of the poor, with real capacity, is condemned to sixpenny lessons and the uncultivated approbation of neighbours. Such a case is that of Apriscilla Hall, who is, we understand, a cousin of a celebrated violinist. This girl of 15 has passed advanced examinations with success beyond her years, and especially striking in view of the meagre tuition to which the poverty of her parents restricts her. The young violinist has won many gold and silver medals in open competition, thus proving that genius will out. This case is not within the province of our Fund—which is, in any event, overwhelmed by hundreds of applications from really necessitous individuals who lack even the means to keep body and soul together. We, therefore, suggest that philanthropic persons who contribute largely to certain societies whose activities are frequently more evident on paper than in fact might gratify their generous instincts by fostering, to the extent of offering qualified training, a little native talent as exhibited by Miss Hall—who might well, and early, repay any sum spent on her tuition.

A TERRIFYING TELEGRAM.

SHOCK AND SORROW TO AGED PARENTS.

With telegrams costing as much as they do nowadays, it ought to be possible to have them correctly transmitted; but when through a careless error, shock and sorrow and unnecessary expense are caused, the least that might be expected of the authorities is that they should compensate those concerned as far as possible. This ordinary decency, however, is apparently beyond a State Department. Mr. Ned Byers is a representative of a Stepney firm whose telegraphic address is "Dyeing, Edo, London." He had occasion recently to send the following telegram to his aged parents at Derby:—"Wire me Charlie's London address, Ned," signed as from "Dyeing, Edo, London." The scatterbrains who handled this message transmitted it so as to read "Wire me Charlie's London address Ned dyeing," signed "Edo Lond." The shock to these poor old folk of receiving such a tragic telegram may be imagined. They naturally enough, in their agitated state of mind, took immediate action which involved considerable expense both in London and Derby. The Post Office authorities "regret the unfortunate mistake in treatment," and state that suitable notice had been taken of the matter. That is just what had not been done. In their loftiness, they had not deigned to notice at all the claim for expenses!

Read Mr. Bottomley's article in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To Lord Byng, Governor-General, Canada.

DEAR LORD BYNG,—By the time these lines meet your eye you will have taken up your heavy responsibilities in our great Western Dominion, and may have your hands pretty full. I feel certain, however, that such a tried and trusted friend of the ex-Service man as you are will not allow old responsibilities to be neglected, however busy you may be; and though I have not yet been informed who will look after the United Services Fund officially in your absence, you may trust me to keep a wary eye upon it unofficially. We cannot allow those three million pounds to be entirely lost without making a bit of a stir. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C. M.P.

DEAR WINSTON,—I have no doubt the country will agree with you. Britain without a fleet would be Britain without prestige and without power. We should have our place in the sun only on sufferance. Our past has always been upon the waters, and so must our future be if we do not wish to be "at one with Nineveh and Tyre." The Grand Fleet is obsolete; it is no economy to leave our land without defence. Four new capital ships is our minimum insurance premium against danger. Let us pay it and be safe. JOHN BULL.

To Professor Wortley, University College, Exeter.

SIR,—Sorry I don't agree with what you profess. In your League of Nations speech in Exeter the other night you decried the teaching of patriotism as being very much overdone in British educational institutions. To my mind, it is the first duty of a nation to teach its children patriotism, and to teach it thoroughly and well. From birth to death our country should be first in our minds, first in our hearts. "May she always be right; but my country—right or wrong!" JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Charles Russ, "The Lancet," London.

MY DEAR DOC.,—As you say, it has long been known that to some persons the direct gaze of another person is not only embarrassing but also intolerable; they turn away their eyes as if in fear of hypnotic fascination. I notice that you have now proved by experiment with a piece of magnetised copper, suspended in a box with a glass peephole at one end, that even an inanimate object can be made to move by merely gazing at it. It is a curious discovery, and may eventually prove a great one. Consider yourself fixed by my eagle eye! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, Minister of Transport.

DEAR SIR ERIC,—The tax-paying public are an exasperating lot of silly sheep, aren't they? So far from rejoicing at the news that you have graciously consented to accept the post of Chairman of the new—and eighth—Committee appointed by the Government to consider and report on National Expenditure, they're positively alarmed at the prospect, and are rude enough to say quite nasty things about "setting a wolf to guard the flock"! They simply won't believe that you are nothing but a harmless necessary sheep-dog, who really wants to prove he is worth the £50,000 paid for him. Do reassure them, by getting to work *on the right lines.* JOHN BULL.

To C. F. Radford, Esq., Urban District Council, Altrincham.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hear that a poor fellow, an ex-Service man, had tramped the country round for nine days, finally collapsing from exhaustion and starvation in the street. You took him into your own house, afforded him the welcome luxury of a bath, had his bruised and bleeding feet attended to, fed him and housed him for the night, starting him off the next day, with his railway fare, and a little over for his family, in his pocket. The last thing men like you want is thanks, and still less, publicity; so I will merely add to the grateful tears and life-long remembrance of the man you befriended my own simple hand-shake for your golden deed. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. M. P. Gillson, Vicar of All Saints, Clifton, Bristol.

MR. VICAR, SIR,—In sending me a copy of your parish magazine, somebody who does not appear to admire you has written above your "Vicar's Notes" what I take to be the word "crank." Now I do not know whether you are a crank or not, but I do perceive you are not a snob, for your notes proclaim a series of congregational garden parties intended to bring all your church-people together on a common level of Christian fellowship, everybody being regarded as free to claim acquaintance with everybody else without the formality of introductions; "so if there should exist among us any whose pride it is that they wish to keep themselves to themselves and say nowt to nobody, they will be well advised to stay at home." Get on with the garden parties—and good luck to you. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. F. G. Kellaway, Postmaster-General.

DEAR KELLAWAY,—When you refused to grant facilities for the conveyance of mails by motor-coach in order to mitigate the grave inconvenience caused by the entire suspension of the postal service on Sundays, you evidently failed to realise that you are appointed as the *servant* of the public. A cheap and efficient postal service is one of the most vital necessities of the nation, and it's up to you to provide it. JOHN BULL.

To H. Albert Johnson, Esq., American Consul, Dundee.

DEAR PAUL PRY,—What is your game? Your Government, I am informed, is compiling a World Trade Directory, and you, acting as their agent, are favouring certain business houses in this country with inquisitorial forms concerning the trade they do, their capital, who controls it, and other equally impertinent queries. I hope those who receive your circulars will tell you to mind your own business and leave theirs alone. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Charles Coborn, Comedian, "On Tour."

DEAR CHARLIE,—It was just like you generously to give your services at the concert held for the benefit of the poor chaps of Bow who are unemployed and down on their luck, and how jolly it was to hear you sing the old ditties, with all the old verve—the "young verve" I should say, for you're still one of the youngsters. It's all nonsense to say that the birthday you celebrated last week shoved you into the seventies. Here's many happy returns, dear boy, and the best of luck on that tramping tour to bonnie Scotland—which is a long long way from "Monte Carlo." JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. William Stathers, Sinclair Road, W. Kensington, London.

SIR,—At seventy years of age and in Holy Orders you are a dirty, disgusting old sinner. You are quite well known in this character to the Hyde Park police, conducting yourself so that no woman or girl can take a seat in the Park without being shocked and affronted by your disgraceful behaviour. I do not, I am sure, know why the Marlborough Street Magistrate allowed you to resume your liberty, after arrest, on payment of a fine of 40s.; a few weeks in gaol would have been much more appropriate to your offence. It would have helped to cure your foul disease of mind. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

"I am a clever acrobat—
There can't be any doubt of that;
Upon my turn you may depend,
'Twixt super-save and super-spend.'

We hope the present 'bus dispute
For all concerned will bear good fruit;
But do not let the wrangle cause
A quite unnecessary pause.

The Liquor Bill, at lightning speed
(Which partly will fulfil a need),
Despite the yeowls of Pussyfoot,
Up to their lordships does a scoot.

The Government—should it exist
In '22—means to insist
On Lords Reform—a method sly
Of putting off economy.

£25,000 must be won—see SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

MY SERIOUS CHARGE AGAIN

Favouritism in a Convict Prison—An Amazing Escape—T

By THE E

FROM the outset of my career as a public journalist I have striven above all things for equal justice as between rich and poor, and I have resisted more than one attempt to turn the scales of the blind goddess in favour of the well-to-do. I can imagine nothing more calculated to undermine respect for the law and excite the resentment of the masses than any suspicion, however slender its foundation, that in criminal matters there is "one law for the rich and another for the poor." In the nature of the case the poor prisoner is heavily handicapped in his encounter with the forces of Law and Order, and it was a recognition of this fact that prompted me to demand the appointment of a Public Defender for the benefit of accused persons, who, through lack of means, are unable to furnish themselves with proper legal aid. Sooner or later, I am confident, this reform will be brought about, and all such persons will stand on an equal footing at the bar of criminal justice. Unfortunately, however, a new aspect of the problem has lately been thrown into sinister relief. Hitherto it has been assumed that once the gaol doors closed upon a convicted prisoner there was no further distinction between rich and poor, and no privilege that depended upon the power of the purse or upon any of those varied social influences that are associated with the possession of wealth. The case whose full details I am about to make public for the first time throws grave doubt upon this comfortable theory, and suggests that even behind prison walls a man's antecedents and social connections may count heavily in his favour. Incidentally, the circumstances I am about to disclose reflect the worst possible light upon the conduct of the Home Secretary, Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., whose tenure of his present office has been a blot upon the annals of British public life First of all, I propose to recite the true facts of one of the most amazing episodes in our criminal records—after which I shall deal faithfully with this egregious Minister of the Crown.

An Amazing Record.

On April 6th last, after a six days' trial at the Old Bailey, Ernest Daniel Kiley, a young man of twenty-seven, describing himself as an engineer, was convicted upon extensive charges of fraud and sentenced by the Common Serjeant to three years' penal servitude. The offences of which the defendant was found guilty beyond all reasonable doubt arose in connection with two mushroom concerns, Co-operative Cars, Ltd., and Co-operative Automobiles, Ltd., and in both cases young Kiley had perpetrated a series of heartless frauds upon ex-Service men. In the course of the judgment the prisoner was stigmatised from the Bench as "an arrant young liar," and in passing sentence of penal servitude the Common Serjeant addressed him in the following terms: "Your offence is a mean one. You took advantage of those poor fellows who came back from the War and who wanted to get work. You defrauded them, and it is a shocking case. You are utterly callous." It was generally felt at the time that in awarding sentence of three years' penal servitude the Common Serjeant, Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C., had erred, if at all, on the side of leniency. Moreover, a good deal of comment was excited by an episode in the trial which now assumes the widest importance. During the evidence of a police inspector who had investigated various charges against the prisoner, the prosecuting Counsel, Mr. Percival Clarke, intervened specially to warn the officer not to mention the name of any relation of the prisoner. At the time I entered my protest against this unusual procedure, and, in view of what has happened since, I feel that the moment has come to break up this conspiracy of silence once and for all. I deeply regret the pain occasioned to Mr. J. D. Kiley, Member of Parliament for Whitechapel, through the conduct of his son, but I can allow no personal feeling to stand in the way of what I consider to be the true requirements of public justice. If young Kiley had remained in prison to work out his richly merited sentence, I should have had nothing to say about his family connections, and should have been only too glad to avoid the necessity of causing embarrassment or mortification to a Parliamentary colleague. But principles are greater than personalities, and the subsequent history of the Kiley case is a travesty of justice. The facts are notorious. On arrival at Pentonville Prison this young man, who, upon the proceeds of the robbery of ex-soldiers, had been living a life of luxury, evinced those signs of nervous shock which are frequently associated with the strain and suspense of a criminal trial. There may even have been a recurrence of the "neurasthenia" from which the prisoner was understood to have suffered during the War—when other men of his age were being pressed into the firing line. In these circumstances, Kiley was medically examined and transferred to the prison infirmary, where in due course he would, no doubt, have recovered his normal health. But other influences were at work. The prison hospital was not good enough for the scion of a family whose relatives sit in high places—whilst his victims, after all, were only the unconsidered remnants of the army that won the War. Within a few weeks of Kiley's arrival at Pentonville, an application was made to the Home Office for a licence for his temporary release—a rare privilege accorded, as a rule, only as a matter of grace in cases of desperate illness. It seems, however, that this extraordinary appeal went straight to the heart—or its granite substitute—of the Home Secretary, and before many hours had passed word was sent from Whitehall that, in consideration of his nervous troubles, Kiley might be allowed to leave the gaol. Everything was beautifully arranged. In the company of a Harley Street specialist the prisoner was driven in a motor-car to a nursing home in Dorset Square, Marylebone, where he was permitted to reside as an ordinary patient, free to go and come as he pleased. No fussy police surveillance disturbed the smooth course of his treatment. The caged bird was now free as air. The edict of the Home Secretary had overridden the sentence of the Common Serjeant and set at defiance the provisions of the criminal law.

The lowly criminal sustains
The punishment the Law ordains

...NST THE HOME SECRETARY.

The Long and "Shortt" of the Case of Ernest Kiley.

EDITOR.

When I first read the story of Kiley's temporary release and subsequent escape, I could not help thinking of that occasion, not so many months ago, when, in a crowded House of Commons, I pleaded with all my strength for one week of respite from the gallows for poor Cyril Saunders, the wretched boy who, in a fit of delirious passion, had taken the life of his sweetheart during a jealous quarrel. It was not easy then to move the compassion of the Home Secretary, when not the comfort of a pampered reprobate but the life of a gallant British soldier was at stake. But, you see, the father of Cyril Saunders was a poor labourer, not a wealthy Member of Parliament enjoying the personal acquaintance of Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P. These things count. They ought not to, but they do. The friendship of a Parliamentary colleague is of more account to this hard-hearted Minister than the life of a humble British boy who, apart from his parents, had not a friend in the world, until I took up the cudgels for him in the House of Commons. The heart that was as stone to the appeal of Cyril Saunders melted with compassion when it was hinted from influential quarters that life in Pentonville Prison was not as comfortable as it might be for Ernest Daniel Kiley. If the unhappy mistaken boy thought his nerves would be steadier in the comfort of a West End nursing home, Mr. Shortt, who had the key of the prison, would be only too pleased to arrange things in a way that would satisfy the claims of parental solicitude. Moreover—although of course this was never mentioned—there were no prison bars in Dorset Square. No obligation rested upon the nursing home managers to watch the patient's movements, and it was not long before the inevitable occurred. Kiley made his escape. He simply walked out of the establishment and disappeared. How soon this untoward circumstance was reported to the police I cannot say, but they certainly displayed no indecent haste to overtake his flight. This again was unusual. In such cases it is customary for a full description of the fugitive to be issued immediately, and for the police throughout the country to be warned to keep their eyes open for clues that may lead to his recapture. Not so in the case of Ernest Kiley. Days elapsed, and it was only when the inactivity of Scotland Yard had excited adverse comment in certain organs of the Press that ostensible steps were taken to lay the prisoner by the heels. By this time, apparently, Kiley had made his escape from the country, for at the moment of writing there is no news of his recapture. If my information in regard to the prisoner's movements is correct, I can only surmise that in the course of his journey to the coast he must have had the good fortune to encounter an exceptional number of blind policemen. I would add that he was extremely lucky, and that, whatever the prison doctors may have said, there was precious little the matter with his "nerve." While we are on the subject it may be well to recall the belated police description of the missing man, who is said to be "short, but well built, clean shaven, with dark hair and complexion, and wearing a dark grey suit." In further particulars he is said to be 5 ft. 2 in. in height and the possessor of a "freckled oval face" with a "pointed chin." So that is that. And what is ten times as important, his father is M.P. for Whitechapel, and a warm admirer of the Home Secretary—so that if the police fail to trace the fugitive they need not fear the "sack." Nevertheless, I venture to warn Mr. Shortt that he is playing with fire. In my correspondence during the last week there have been many letters of angry protest against the injustice which allows a well-connected young rascal to evade the penalty of the criminal law, while compelling less fortunate prisoners to work out their salvation behind the doors of the gaol. I have letters, too, from men who suffered through young Kiley's heartless conduct, and I assure the Home Secretary that they view his action in no other light than a shameful betrayal of the high trust reposed in him by the law-abiding public.

But rich offenders, more to blame,
Receive the privilege they cl im

Searching E quiries.

Listen to one of these touching communications. It is from an ex-soldier at Sheffield, who through these wicked frauds was robbed of £500, and one sentence of the letter reads: "I am an ex-Service man, a physical wreck because of what I had to go through, and now I find myself robbed of my gratuity by an M.P.'s son, and while I have to stick it this man goes at large." Perhaps Mr. Shortt would wish me to send this communication and others like it on to him in order that he, with the superior skill that belongs to a practised lawyer and a Minister of the Crown, may return suitable replies. Maybe he would like to answer such questions as these, which are reaching me by every post: "How was it that no watch was kept upon Kiley whilst he was in the nursing home at Dorset Square? Is there one law for rich prisoners and another for poor offenders? Do the authorities usually allow a convict to go into a nursing home and enjoy the liberties of an ordinary patient?" Really, Mr. Shortt, these questions must be answered. Such uneasy speculations simmering in the public mind are apt to have an incendiary effect, and if this sort of thing continues there may be deplorable consequences. The Home Secretary must revise his estimate of his official duties. It is not his sole business to countersign death warrants. It is important, no doubt, on occasion, that murderers should suffer the extreme penalty of the law, and it may be sometimes necessary for the occupant of the Home Office to steel his heart against the claims of compassion; but we can have no respect for a Minister who declines upon even the strongest grounds to grant a condemned lad one more poor week of life and a month or two later releases a highly born youth from gaol for no better reason than to please his father. Until this scandal is wiped out a bitter reproach rests upon the fair name of British justice. It is no novelty that Mr. Shortt should misinterpret his duties, but it is a sinister innovation which exalts a nod from the Home Secretary into an imperial gesture which can open the gaol door and set the well-born felon free.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE RIGHT HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

"'OW are yer, Lloy' George? Come in, sir! 'Appy to see you again. Wot kin I 'ave the pleasure? . . . *'Air cut?* I thought so. You kin do with it, if you'll allow me to say so—no offence bein' meant. . . . *Take more then that to offend you?* I'm not so sure about thet, sir. You're a bit on the touchy side, yer know. . . Welsh blood, an' all thet. A man wot's 'ad a long run o' power like wot you've 'ad is liable to git a bit touchy an' umpty-diddlous. Responsibility gits on the nerves arfter a bit. Take this chair, sir. You've set in it before, an' I 'ope you ain't the larst Prime Minister wot'll set in it. . . . No, I never sed I thought it was time you give up, sir. There you are, you see—you're touchy. You want a n'ollerdy. The strain tells arfter a bit. . . . *Not too short?* Cert'n'y not. I know it's necessary for you to keep your 'air on as long as possible. . . .

* * *

O' course, you wouldn't 'ave acted so 'asty about wot Lord Northcliffe was supposed to 'ave sed if your nerves 'adn't bin a bit jagged. Pity you didn't make a few inquiries before you went down to the 'Ouse an' made a fuss about wot 'adn't 'appened, ain't it? It looked as though you was on'y too glad of the chance to jump on Northcliffe with both feet. Thet little quarrel o' yours with 'im ain't too edifyin', you know, sir. I owns I 'aven't always seen eye to eye with 'im meself. But 'e done some good, an' I carn't ferget it. . . . *Didn't you do some good, too?* Course you did—and I ain't fergettin' thet, neether. But thet ain't no reason w'y I shouldn't blame you w'en I thinks you've done wrong. An' I think you done wrong w'en you went for Lord Northcliffe in the 'Ouse on the strength of a rumour. But you ain't the on'y one wot seemed glad of a chance to 'ave a go at 'im. Wot about Curzon? Ten to one 'e cabled instructions to Sir Auckland Geddes to cancel thet dinner party at the British Embassy at Washington in honour of Northcliffe. But it ain't Northcliffe wot's bin made to look the fool. If you'll excuse me sayin' so, 'e's come out on top, an' the joke's on you, Curzon an' Auckland! The King comes out all right, Gawd bless 'im, w'ich is p'r'aps the most important thing. . . .

* * *

Well, you've got yer Licensing Bill through the Commons, an' I s'pose it's safe to pass the Lords. But wot a Bill! O' course, the country 'll take it, becos it *does* 'and back one or two of our pre-war privileges. But it's a rotten measure, all the same. Wot about the *bona-fide* traveller? There was sich a person, I don't mind tellin' yer. I've bin 'im meself. Cert'n'y. I kin git me glarss at 'arf-parst eleven in the mornin's on week-days; but wot about Sundays, w'en I might want it more? If chaps could git a drink at a reasonable time, say eleven o'clock, instead of 'avin' to wait till 'arf-parst twelve or one, there wouldn't be so many Sunday dinners spoilt an' many a 'ard-workin' missus wouldn't be so snorty in the arfternoon. . . . But there you are, it's passed. But the public ain't satisfied, as you'll see at the General Election. . . . 'Ow will thet do, sir? . . . Thank you, I'm much obliged. Goo'-day, sir. You're very kind, I'm shore. . . .

EXTRA TURNS.

BY POLITICAL PATTERERS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
(SIR ROBERT HORNE, K.C., M.P.)

Oh, as befits a perfect Knight
Like me, Sir Robert Horne,
Economy 'tis my delight
To treat with utter scorn!
These Anti-wasters worry me,
I hate their stupid fuss;
But I'll give them a Committee—
Just a sop to Cerberus!
They'll meet, say, in November,
Or it may be in December,
That is, *if I remember*,
Which is rather dubious.

PATTER: What a farce, eh? But what a neat get out, what? It was a great day for England—I mean for the limpets and barnacles and stick-tights in Government offices when I was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. That committee was a brain wave, an inspiration. My announcement that Sir Eric Geddes, the superman for whom the Macfisheries are looking, would be Chairman gave the country confidence at once. Look at the sacrifice he'll be making! Chucking a possible job with the Sunlight Soap King to serve on a Committee unpaid, and in the interest of national economy! Economy. Bah! Cheese paring, I call it. But one must placate the public somehow. Anyhow, I've diddled 'em. I don't want to blow my own Horne, but I venture to say that I've put it across the public this time. This wonderful Committee will have just about as much power as a stranded jelly fish. Of course, the names of the proposed members sound A. 1.—you know, men with money to burn, like Lord Inchcape, Lord Faringdon, Sir Joseph Maclay, and Sir Guy Granet, with possibly Lord Weir and Sir William Plender. Names like those give the public confidence, see? But—let me whisper in your ear—they will sit in secret, and I don't suppose their reports will ever be published. Of course, we chaps in the Cabinet will know what the Committee recommend; but if we don't like their recommendations, if they appear to threaten too many of our dear old pals, the limpets and barnacles and stick-tights in Government offices, we shall simply lie doggo and play possum. But the biggest scream of all is that I'm giving the Committee no power. All they will be able to do will be to advise—and we can take their advice or leave it. Ha, ha! That's the way to diddle the trusting public, shrieking for Government economy! Do you think we members of the Cabinet are going to be skin flints at our time of life? The answer is a lemon. We've got too used to spending the taxpayers' money to start pinching, stinting and screwing now. No, ladies and gentlemen, we would scorn the action. The parsimonious populace may howl for retrenchment, but—well, I'm Chancellor of the Exchequer, see?

I'll give them a Committee,
Just a sop to Cerberus;
It may meet in November,
Or perchance in drear December—
That is, *if I remember*,
Which is rather dubious.

PRINTER'S PIE.

"DAILY MAIL":—"He came down IN SAFETY on the roof of a large shop near the Opera House in Paris, SMASHING HIS MACHINE, and BEING INJURED HIMSELF."

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—"It is MORE THAN A CENTURY since a Lord Provost died during his term of office, THE LAST being William Coulter, who DIED IN APRIL, 1909."

"COMIC CUTS":—"A flood of TEARS suddenly broke from the mother's LIPS."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—"Four men and women escaped from a BLAZING FRIED FISH SHOP in Limehouse, by DROPPING FROM THE BACK WINDOWS ON TO THE SUBMARINE MC."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Bud . . . LOOKED ROUND at his master with expectant EARS."

"SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO":—"The wind made the SUN unpleasantly CHOPPY."

"HORNER'S STORIES":—"His FACE had grown very LOW AND HUSKY."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL":—"SNOW WHITE voile of the PALEST OF SHELL PINKS can be equally as attractive."

"RED MAGAZINE":—"'Do you come here to confess your crimes or seek a way of escaping from their consequence?' he said in a THUNDERING WHISPER."

"JACK CANUCK":—"He is . . . still fond of SMOKING A CIGAR AND A GLASS OF WHISKY."

"SUNDAY POST":—"Her eyes were CLOSED with misery, but she LOOKED HIM BRAVELY IN THE FACE in a manner as direct and straightforward as was her own sweet and girlish nature."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"'I understand that you are Mrs. ASTBURY,' he said, 'or, I should say, the Princess Kwi—HUSBAND to my cousin, Richard Astbury.'"

"TOOTING AND BALHAM GAZETTE":—"St. Boniface Club has decided to hold the second summer outing . . . on SATURDAY, JULY 9th. All . . . who wish to go should give in their names not later than SUNDAY MORNING (JULY 10th)."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—"One of his shots landed the ball in a PASSING RAILWAY STATION."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

We congratulate the George Clark Productions, Ltd., on setting the lead in big British Films. Their latest, entitled "The Bigamist," is one which nobody should fail to see. The Company have always been noted for a very high standard of film, and "The Bigamist" is by far the greatest ever conceived in Europe. No money has been spared upon this stirring drama, which is poignant in heart interest and appealing as to theme. Miss Ivy Duke and Mr. Guy Newall, England's two foremost film stars, appear at the head of an all-English cast. JOHN BULL readers should see this film, which is now being shown at the Alhambra, London, for a limited season of two presentations daily.

Messrs. Curzon Bros. give good reasons why it will pay to order suits or overcoats now, and make a unique offer to our readers.

Maxalding are sending, free, a booklet showing how illness may be cured without drugs.

Sartor Manufacturing Co. offer special holiday raincoats at 25s. 6d.

On page 15 are advertised Special Correspondence courses which should be of great interest.

Samuel Bros. announce exceptional bargains in jewellery.

Catesby's are offering suits upon easy terms.

There are many items of interest in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" column.

The JOHN BULL guarantee appears on page ii.

The world's problems settled in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

DEBILITY!

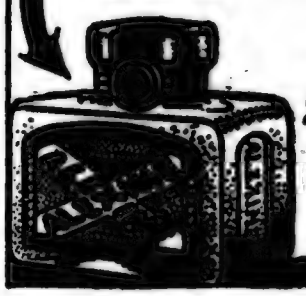
ARE YOU A NERVE FORCE SPENDTHRIFT?

Have you exhausted your nervous energy in long hours, over-work, want of sleep, or in any form of physical or mental excess? If you are a victim of brain-fag, neurasthenia—a prey to morbid thoughts or groundless fears, you need "ALEXINE."

Nerve force poverty, which induces a terrible sensation of weakness and lack of energy and will power, arises from a deficiency in the system of **PHOSPHORUS.**

Enrich your blood with life-giving phosphoric salts. Restore abundant virility, manly power, and steel-strong nerves by means of "ALEXINE"—the greatest nerve restorative and revitaliser known to Science.

"ALEXINE" is praised and prescribed by hundreds of prominent French physicians. It is a real **Nerve Cell Feed.** It banishes all neurasthenic conditions and debility, and quickly restores bright spirits, mental alertness and abundant physical energy. Decided benefit from the first dose.



ALEXINE

THE NATIONAL FRENCH REMEDY

Obtainable of Chemists and Stores, 6/- and 10/- a bottle; or 6/6 and 10/6, post free direct from the sole British Agents

HEPPELL'S, *Foreign Chemists,*
164, PICCADILLY, W.1.

STARTLING REGAL OFFER

25/- Carriage Paid — WILL KEEP YOU DRY — WORLD'S BEST COAT — IN THE FIEROEST WEATHER. — EVERY 100th COAT FREE.

The "RAINSTER" Weatherproof

is made in a variety of STYLES and Shades for Ladies', Gent's and Children's wear, from Triple-Proofed Materials which will withstand the fiercest weather and hardest wear, as over 800,000 satisfied wearers can tell you, and cannot be equalled elsewhere at double the price.

"REGAL" Under-cost BARGAIN OFFER.

For a further limited period only, to give every Lady or Gent. in the land an opportunity of securing one of these world-famous Coats at **25/-** Carriage paid.

So don't delay, send in your order now. The demand is simply enormous.

SEND NO MONEY.
Simply write for FREE PATTERNS, STYLES &c. Convince yourself that NO FIRM can possibly give BETTER QUALITY, BETTER STYLES, or BETTER VALUE.

Money back if not satisfied.

YOU MAY GET YOUR COAT FREE
If in ROTATION your letter happens to carry the 100th Order, in which case we refund to you the full Purchase Price.

ORDER WITHOUT DELAY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

REGAL MILLS LTD. (DEPT. J.) BLACKPOOL.

The largest firm in the Kingdom, Manufacturing and Supplying DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC.

What to Take for Disordered Stomach

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. You will relish your meals without fear of trouble to follow. Millions of all ages take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply, Blotchy Skin. *They end the misery of Constipation.*

Genuine bear signature— *Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price*

WRIGLEY'S

CHEWING GUM

A Good Bite for Everybody

—Anglers and everyone else—is **WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum Sweetmeat.**

It is wonderfully cooling. This is because **WRIGLEY'S** prevents the mouth dryness and thirst that causes overheating of the body.

And how wonderfully **WRIGLEY'S** keeps up the energies and spirits is proved by its popularity with cricketers, golfers, cyclists, tennis players, etc.

DOUBLE the pleasure of your Holidays and HALVE the strain of your work with mouth-moistening and thirst-preventing **WRIGLEY'S.**

6 LONG-LASTING BARS in 3d Packets. of handy size. Three choice long-lasting delicious flavours to please your palate and from which to choose your favourite.

A BOX of 48 ASSORTED .....BARS POST FREE.....

If any difficulty in obtaining the 3 flavours of WRIGLEY'S a box of 8 packets (or 48 bars) of assorted flavours will be sent post free on receipt of 2/-.
Address: WRIGLEY'S LTD., 235 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

½d. per bar

SEALED TIGHT—KEPT RIGHT

The Flavour Lasts!

TO THE TRADE

Enterprising retailers can learn how to increase their Sales by writing to WRIGLEY'S LTD., 235 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

What Tosh!:—Having served in France for over four years, a Badger applied to the L.C.C. for a position as park-keeper. He was shown the door because he was "too old" to keep children off the grass, although he was young enough to tackle the Huns!

Swat that Fly!:—The following notice has been posted for the benefit of the cooks of the 59th Battery R.F.A., in Kirkee, India: "Cooks will be fined 1 anna for each fly found in the cook-house or preparation-room." And the fines are being collected, too! Somebody in authority in the battery appears to have suffered from a "tap of the sun."

Give Them a Rest:—Although the Sinn Feiners are generally observing the truce, the Royal Marines guarding the Baltimore Coastguard Station are kept up to the severe routine in force when the "Shinners" were at work—leave being refused even to walk further than 200 yards from the station. Joe the Marine is entitled to some relaxation in the present temporary piping time of peace.

Tommy's Medals——:—British War and Victory medals are ready for issue to Seaforth Highlanders who hold numbers in the following series:—5th Batt. T.F., 3829 to 6690; 6th Batt. T.F., 54 to 5643; Regulars, 3 to 798 and S/6444 to S/7415. The Officer in Charge of Records, Perth, invites applications.

—— And Jack's:—The issue of 1914-15 Stars and the War and Victory medals to members of the sea service, including Marines and Reservists, is now ready for discharge to demobilised officers and men whose surnames commence with the letters A. E. L. or S. Applications, with proof of identity, should be sent to the Medal Branch, Cornwall House, Stamford Street, S.W.1.

A Tip for Colonials:—The Government wants ex-Service men over a certain age to join the R.A.S.C. as clerks, holding out the bait of 3s. 6d. a day, with 1s. extra for previous service of two years and over. But they omit to state that the extra pay is not granted to those who served with the Colonial forces during the war!

Remove the Time Limit:—Under present regulations, if a man dies as a result of wounds or disease contracted while on active service his widow may receive a pension, provided the man succumbs within seven years of his removal from the Army. But no pension will be granted if he lives for a few hours over that period. We must have this matter looked into when the Pensions Bill comes up again.

"Free Gifts":—It is many moons since the Australian Force went home, and we are surprised to find that at present packets of cigarettes labelled "Gifts from the Australian Branch, British Red Cross Society, and must not be sold," are being sold in the canteens in Mesopotamia. Although the "gaspers" were free gifts and never paid duty, the Tommies out there are being charged a monstrous price for them.

Jack's Money:—An award of salvage money is ready for distribution among the crews of H.M. tugs *Alligator* and *Tenacity*, who salved the s.s. *Bonvilston* between July 28th and August 3rd, 1918.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From S. B. R., Penarth: "Kindly accept my warmest thanks for efforts on behalf of my long-standing accounts, settlement of which has come to hand. Instead of being in debt, as I was informed before seeking your aid, I have received a much-needed nest-egg. I am very grateful to you for your untiring efforts. Please accept enclosed for your Fund."

RACING NOTES.

[All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the Sporting Life.*]*

Autumn Handicap.

All the best horses in training have been entered for the two Autumn Handicaps. Looking down the entries for the Cesarewitch we would seem to be better off for stayers than ever before. We gave Bracket for this race last year, and notice with interest that the stout mare is again competing. Another high-class filly is Charlebelle, who has only to pull round from her recent accident to be one of our fancies for the race. Time enough to discuss the race when the weights appear on September 1st, though at this stage suggested doubles present themselves in Charlebelle and Leighton, Nippon and Soranus, and Bracket and Highlander.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

KEMPTON PARK—WEDNESDAY.
Greenwood Welter—SWEET DOROTHY.
International Plate—*FORDINGBRIDGE.
Bedfont Handicap—MARISSA.

KEMPTON PARK—THURSDAY.
Princess Welter—ROSEAL.
Maiden Plate—*EXPRESS DELIVERY.
Round Course Handicap—BROKEN FAITH.

REDCAR—WEDNESDAY.
Kirkleatham Plate—MORNING LIGHT.
Redcar Foal Stakes—*VIA FILLY.
Lowther Plate—STANISLAUS.

REDCAR—THURSDAY.
Redcar Handicap—PARAGON.
Great Breeders' Foal Stakes—*RANKSBOROUGH
Wilton Stakes—PERFETTA COLT.

WINDSOR—FRIDAY.
Castle Handicap—*Mr. SOL JOEL'S Selected.
Clewer Plate—LIMOSIN.
Blackbrook Plate—OLD TIMES.

WINDSOR—SATURDAY.
Club Plate—HUNTING SONG.
Windsor Summer Handicap—ORANGE MAIDEN.
Rothschild Sweepstakes—*BEAUREGARD.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Illness, no Work:—A delicate woman has three young children and, as her husband is now very ill, the family was quite down and out.

Could You Do It?—An ex-soldier whose sole income is 12s. a week has a wife and three children. We helped him and are left wondering how the family lives.

Tommy's Troubles:—An ex-soldier out of work, with no dole, has a wife. She recently presented him with another little trouble, and is now ill.

His Brother in Distress:—Another ex-Tommy has no employment, and his wife, who is seriously ill, is about to be confined. There was no food in the house.

The End of the Road:—A woman dying of tuberculosis applied to us on behalf of her workless husband and three hungry children.

Darby and Joan:—An aged man, not old enough for the pension, does casual light work when he can get it. His wife is also old. They owed rent and had no food until they applied to us.

Any Old Clothing?—There has been a marked falling off in offerings of old clothing to our Fund for man, woman, and child, notwithstanding the lowered prices for all kinds of garments and the increased dealings in the shops—which should spell much cast clothing. If you should have anything you do not want, send it to us. The need is very great.

TO OUR HAPPY FRIENDS.

This is the holiday season. We have read the wonderful newspaper reports of the record crowds taken from London and other centres to the seaside and inland resorts, of the crowding out of hotels and boarding-houses, and of your having to sleep on the beach or in the fields, tasting the joys or otherwise of our soldiers who a while since had to undergo similar discomforts, with the additional vexations of shells and bullets and gas thrown in. You are enjoying your holidays, and we congratulate and envy you. So different is the air of London to the ozone of the sea or the zephyrs of the woodlands. We see the pictures of you happy groups in the illustrated papers, and heartily congratulate you on your joyous smiles. We find it hard to raise a smile now. Why? Because there is big distress all through the Kingdom, and the contributions to our little fund are falling off—doubtless because you, on your holiday, having left all your big and little worries behind you.

Many of you, no doubt, do not know of our fund and its objects and activities. We started in the dark days of war to relieve distress among the women and kiddies of the men who went out to dare death for us and to keep the flag flying. The responses to our appeals then were noble, and, thank goodness, we were enabled to do a great work for the mothers and youngsters whose husbands and daddies were doing and daring for us. Now we are struggling to help the same families, including our soldiers and sailors, who are suffering through the aftermath of war—unemployment, hunger, disease, and death.

Will you send us your modest shilling; or will you, better still, when spirits are high around the hotel or boarding-house board, suggest a "whip round" for our fund, and send the result on to us? There is so much to do, and so little to do it with. We have distressing, more distressing and most distressing cases, and it is painful to us in these days of reduced subscriptions to reject all but the latter. In your joyous holiday cut something out and assist us!

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

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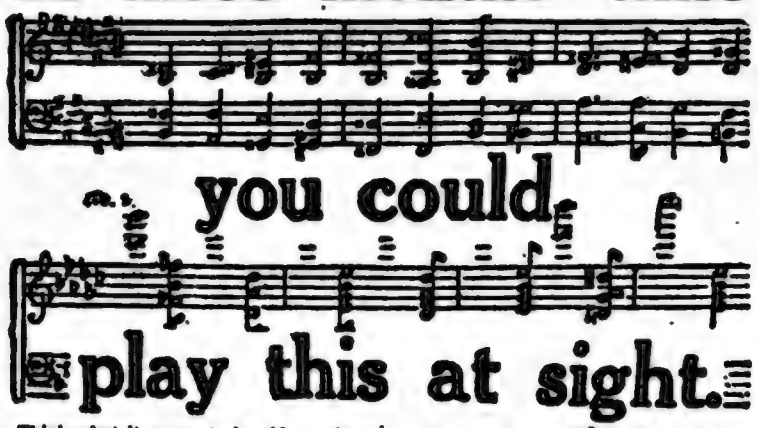

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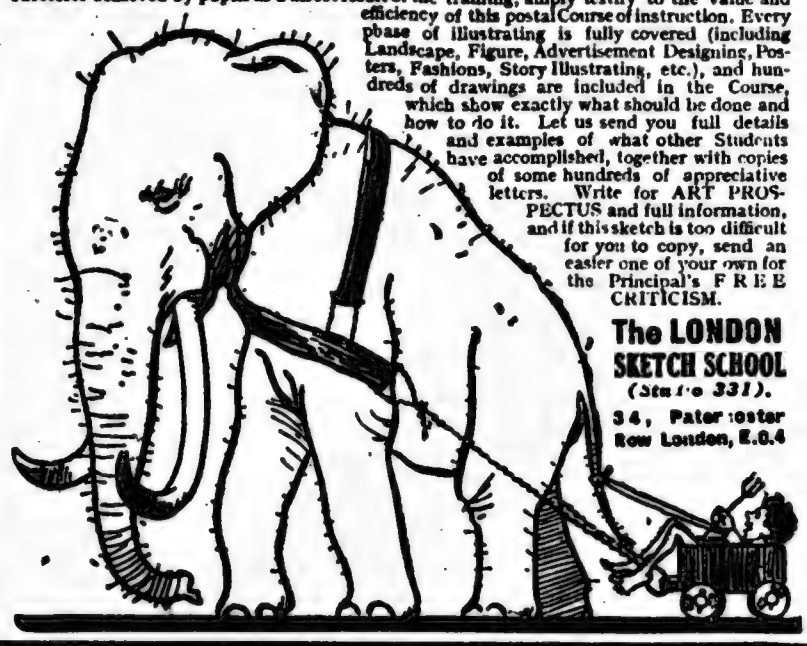

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JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each inquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Without a Lead.

The Stock Exchange since the August Bank Holiday has been without a lead. Until there is evidence of a definite increase in public interest there does not appear to be much probability of existing conditions changing materially. The money market has remained firmer than had been expected, and this has tended to accentuate market quietude both in an investment and in a speculative sense. It was thought certain that, with the usual monetary disbursements after the turn of the month, Lombard Street conditions would slacken, but the holiday efflux of currency to the provinces is returning slowly —while, additionally, heavy revenue collections continue and there have been some big calls on new capital to meet.

Don't Be Misled.

Some of the Mexican Utility Companies are paying off arrears of interest on their bonds as a prelude to that general Mexican recovery to the probability of which I have often drawn attention. First Mortgage Bondholders in the Mexican Light and Power and the Mexican Electric Companies can cash eleven coupons on each $500 Bond, while in the case of the Pachuca Light and Power Co. ten coupons can be changed for cash. All holders should arrange with their brokers to take interest payments in American dollars and then exchange into sterling—by which operation they gain approximately an additional 30 per cent. I understand that many holders have been cashing their coupons at par!

Rubber Hesitancy.

The rubber share market, to whose improving status I was glad to call attention recently, has relapsed into a rather unsettled condition. The raw material has been zig-zaging after its recent rally and share values always follow the product. Now, however, the raw material looks firmer again, and the main factor of hestitancy is the public argument, going on between various rubber interests, regarding the proposed scheme of control. I think too much is being made of these criticisms, most of which relate merely to matters of detail and are easily capable of adjustment. As to the contention that any scheme involving artificial limitation of output is economically vicious, it is perfectly true; but such an argument does not emanate reasonably from those with rubber shareholders' interests to protect.

Want of Kaffirs.

Kaffirs continue to creep up. Conditions are professional, but underlying stability is undoubted. An adjustment of Rand labour difficulties is increasingly believed in, the way to a wage reduction in conjunction with some profit-sharing arrangement being paved by the downward trend of wages in South Africa generally. The gold price remains high, too, but perhaps the most significant news is that the Public Trustee and the South African Custodian are elaborating plans to deal with ex-enemy holdings. The big Rand interests will probably take these over, and subsequent arrangements to dispose of them should bring a general revival nearer.

Confident Russians.

There has not been a great deal doing in Russian securities lately, but their tone has been good. It is significant that Paris, which is always well-informed in regard to Russian developments, and which before the war was, of course, the largest operator in Russian securities, is nibbling again. Similarly, on the London Stock Exchange there are shrewd judges, who regard Russian shares with increasing favour. They argue somewhat on these lines: There is practically certain to be a speculative revival in some direction this autumn. Oils, Kaffirs and some industrials have possibilities, but the public has already "got them." Some sections of the public are, indeed, overloaded with them. But the public has not "got Russians," and from the viewpoint of the expert speculator, Russians look almost virgin ground with great possibilities as the outlook clears.

Steadier Shipping Shares.

Judicious buying of leading shipping shares would probably turn out a good investment. Freights are not likely to recover to anything like recent records, but coal is cheaper and there is a lot to be moved to replenish empty bunkers. Shipping labour is also less costly. There has, furthermore, been a definite and perhaps a final check to American shipbuilding, and the effect of this will be increasingly felt by Companies whose boats have been laid up through Trans-Atlantic competition, which is not being sustained because it was ultimately too expensive and uneconomic.

Advertisers' Announcements.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

Watney, Combe, Reid & Co., Ltd.

The ordinary general meeting of Watney, Combe, Reid and Co., Ltd., was held on August 2, at the Charing Cross Hotel, W.C. Mr. H. Cosmo O. Bonsor, the chairman of the company, presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that when, last year, the board recommended what was described as a "prudent" dividend, the hope was added that this year they would do better for the shareholders. In that the board had been wrong, but when he told them of the difficulties of the year under review, he thought they would be satisfied that they had done well to maintain the dividend instead of reducing it. As to the difficulties, they had suffered from the coal strike only indirectly, being fortunate in having an oil installation in the brewery; the real difficulty had been over-taxation, higher costs of materials, and higher working expenses. As a result of a full year of increased beer duty they had paid to the Government £3,700,000 against £2,700,000. If they added to that, excess profits duty, in income tax and corporation profits tax the total amount paid to the Government was £4,100,000. They had not been able to pass anything like the whole of that on to their customers, and in addition they had had to bear increased rates, of which they had not yet seen the end, since they were only at the beginning of the last quinquennial valuation. They had suffered most, however, in the cost of materials. Though the war was over they had been, during the malting season, still under war conditions as regarded both barley and hops.

Dividend Maintained Despite Difficulties.

Difficulties had been placed in the way of importing cheaper foreign barley, and the British farmers had taken full advantage of the fact. Hops were still under control. The hop controller dictated to the brewer the amount of hops he had to buy, and the price to be paid. The result was that, with a decreased barrelage, owing to high taxation and high prices, raw materials had cost some £130,000 more than in 1919-1920. Furthermore, now that the war was over, the demand for some of their by-products had absolutely ceased, and the prices of others had declined, so that whereas a big profit had been made on them throughout the war, they had made a loss on by-products during the year of some £30,000. If they added together the £130,000 and the £30,000, they arrived at a figure of £160,000, representing 20 per cent. on the present Deferred stock and 5 per cent. on the old capital Deferred stock. Increased taxation had been a great trouble in many ways, and to the manufacturer it had been a trouble in that it had made more working capital absolutely essential. During the twelve months they had had no surplus balance with which to redeem Debentures, and had only been able to redeem a small portion of the Preference stock. Freehold and leasehold properties had been increased by about £320,000, while Government securities had been decreased by that amount. They had been purchasing properties in order to conserve their trade. The speculator had been about, and they had had to compete with him. They had not been able to buy absolutely the whole of them that were in the market, but he thought those properties had been bought on very good terms, and they would show better returns in another year.

On improving their public houses they had spent the sum of £80,000 or more. Their company had been the pioneers of what was called the "improved public house." He thought that their working expenses had now reached the maximum.

The report was adopted.

THE "BODEGA."

The forty-first ordinary general meeting of the "Bodega" Company, Ltd., was held on August 2nd, Mr. Herbert W. Walmisley, chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said the directors regret that the profits of the company for the year ended March 31 last are so small, but the reasons for it are absolutely beyond their control. In the first place, there has been a heavy fall in nearly all the commodities dealt in by the company, which has necessitated the writing down of stocks to market values. A large sum of money has been used for this purpose which would otherwise have been available as profit. Now that values have been adjusted, your Board look for a considerable improvement in the current financial year.

During the last few years the company has done exceedingly well by judicious purchases. In these very uncertain times one must be prepared to take the rough with the smooth, but the results for this year are keenly felt by your directors after the time and attention they have given to the conduct of the company's affairs. When I tell you that I and my colleagues are almost daily working on the company's behalf you will naturally understand our great disappointment.

I do not think that there are any items in the balance-sheet that call for special attention, except, perhaps, it will be noted that the company has debited the premium on its sinking fund policy, amounting to £2,710 13s. 4d., out of profits again this year—in about eight years' time this policy will be worth £32,000 to the company—and also that we owe our bankers £10,000 on loan, which is fully secured. As mentioned in the report, the year has been one of enormous difficulties, especially as regard finance.

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See Page 17.

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YOUR LIVING GUARANTEED.—Write for free Catalogue and Guide, How to Commence in business with £2.—H. Marks, Dept. 2, 51-52, Houndsditch, London, E.1. Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for all kinds of Drapery and Hosiery, and Best House for Beginners.

PUMILAVE TOILET SOAP—The Hand Cleanser—obtainable at All Stores, Chemists, etc., and ALL WOOLWORTH'S STORES.

GET IT NOW
Send a post-card now for H. Samuel's FREE BOOK of Bargains in Jewellery, Watches and Plate, at Privately Printed With list of splendid FREE PRIZES for all buyers.
Fine Lustrous Diamonds 25/-
NICKEL WATCH. Jewelled movement, accurate timekeeper, dust & damp proof, 10/6
FULL MONTH'S TRIAL any article.
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BARKER ST., MANCHESTER.

SARTOR HOLIDAY RAINCOAT SPECIAL

GREAT BARGAIN OFFER

—a frank announcement.

OWING to the prolongation of the dry weather our stock of Sartor Raincoats has accumulated. We must clear the entire stock for Cash before the end of the Holiday Season in September. In order to do this we have decided to make an amazing offer to the Public. Until the stock is exhausted we will supply the Sartor Raincoat at the astounding price of

25/6 CARRIAGE PAID.

This is a very special Bargain Offer only possible owing to the peculiar trade conditions which now prevail.

GET YOUR HOLIDAY RAINCOAT NOW. Send at once.

All Orders will be dealt with in strict rotation.

SARTOR RAINCOATS

are made in several styles and shades for Ladies, Gents, Maids and Youths. Every SARTOR is fully lined with a smart check material, and guaranteed the best value in Britain.

Write to-day for Free Patterns & Style Book.

SEND NO MONEY before you are convinced that such high value as SARTOR value cannot be obtained elsewhere.

NOTE.—We are the Makers. That is the only reason we can sell at this price.

THE SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

Phillips RUBBERS

"Last the time of three"

Weak Stomachs Cause Wind.

STRENGTHEN YOUR DIGESTION.

Wind in the stomach, which is a cause of great discomfort to many people, is caused by the food being retained so long that it ferments if it is vegetable food, or putrifies if it is animal food.

Food is retained until it causes wind because the digestion is weak. That is a simple statement of a complicated condition. Digestive weakness may involve a deficient secretion of digestive fluids, lack of force in the nerves that control digestion, many things in fact, but behind them all is thin blood. "Without rich red blood good digestion is impossible" is an established fact in medicine. You can enrich your blood with Dr. Williams' pink pills and begin at once to restore your disordered digestion until you can eat what you want, within reason, and enjoy it. These pills have a direct action on the nerves also, and so are an ideal digestive tonic.

You can improve your digestion by beginning Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Any dealer can supply; or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1. Price, 3s. 0d. per box, post free. For men and women, too.

FREE.—"What to Eat" is a helpful diet book that will be sent free to any reader who sends a post-card request to Offer Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.—[ADVT.]

HAPPY THOUGHT! GIVE HER A BOX OF

Fry's FESTAL CHOCOLATES

Fry's Festal Chocolates are larger pieces than usual, handsome in appearance, and of best manufacture.

Obtainable at all Confectioners at

4/- per lb.

FRY'S—"*The House for Quality*" *for 132 years.*

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Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, etc., or Catalogues of Footwear, Wool Scarfs, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Tea & Dinner Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Cycles, Tyres, Carpets and Linn, Poultry & Appliances, etc. Grand values.

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One of the Free Gifts

offered to smokers of Black Cat Cigarettes. 100 people of 10 for 6d. size, or 50 people of 20 for 1s. size, only. Simply press mouthpiece, and out comes the tiny end of cigarette.

Send a postcard to-day for illustrated catalogue of gifts. There is something in it to suit everybody.

CARRERAS LTD., (Dept. J.B.), City Road, London, E.C.

The Best Cigarette Value at 10 for 6d.

Black Cat Cigarettes

Romantic Success of a Great Nerve Specific.

The Glorious Certainty of Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

The history of the success of Dr. Cassell's Tablets is full of romance. Ten years ago, when this famous specific was introduced, it was naturally destined to run the gauntlet of the criticism of the world. But it has succeeded beyond every expectation. Day by day testimonies of renewed life come spontaneously from nerve and other sufferers in every part of the globe to add glamour and romance to the wonderful manufacturing laboratory in Manchester in which this splendid medicine is prepared.

The nerve sufferer who uses Dr. Cassell's Tablets is faced with a glorious certainty. He has the knowledge that they have never failed to relieve cases of overstrain, sleeplessness, neurasthenia, neuritis, nervous breakdown, children's weakness, anæmia, indigestion and kidney troubles. The reason is not far to seek. Every medicament is pure, unadulterated, and of the highest quality, and all the old-time tonics and pick-me-ups are superseded by the remarkable formula from which Dr. Cassell's Tablets are prepared. The specific is a complete nerve and body-building medicine for children and adults, produced in scientific surroundings, and in an atmosphere of up-to-date practical knowledge. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are produced by highly skilled chemists in the finest laboratory of its kind in the Empire. Why, then, should there be any mystery regarding their success, any wonder as to their achievements? All chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box.—[ADVT.]

Spoiling Marriage

MANY ruin their chances of a happy marriage through ignorance of dangers. Free information and advice can be obtained from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34A, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Amazing Cures of

Bad Legs and Ulcers.

Germolene the New Ointment. Soothes and Heals at a Touch.

AWARDED FOUR GOLD MEDALS.

"At last she gave up in despair!" That unhappy phrase might have been associated with the experiences of thousands of sufferers from bad leg and deep seated ulcer, but for the introduction of Germolene, the new aseptic ointment. Without a doubt, however, all the old time methods of treating these terribly distressing maladies have been superseded. Germolene soothes the pain at the first application, and subsequently drives out the poison, cleanses the tissue, and heals the wound. It was because of its admitted excellence that Germolene gained Gold Medals at the great International Pharmaceutical Exhibitions, and its efficacy in the treatment of bad leg and ulcer is proved conclusively by daily testimony.

Mrs. Mary Cumming, of 88, York-street Lane, Ayr, Scotland, had suffered for many years from bad leg. She had tried every method of treatment without avail, and at last she gave up in despair, convinced that her unhappy lot could not be relieved. Her sister, however, persuaded her to try Germolene, and the first box gave relief. Though she was in poor circumstances, she determined to continue the treatment, and she says during that period she would have preferred to be hungry than be without Germolene. In ten months she was cured, and now her leg is healthy, and even the scar is disappearing. Such testimony cannot be denied.

Use Germolene for all skin troubles, especially recommended for Piles and Eczema. Germolene costs 1s 3d. and 3s. per box at all chemists, and is prepared in the same laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets.—[ADVT.]

Join the elite and read SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

H. R. (Bilston).—"The Post Office is proposing to spend £8 to-day for every £1 they spent pre-war." Worse; they have got several millions beyond the proposal stage.

V. A. R. (Wendover).—"The other night I was dreaming of Winston Churchill or something." If Winston saw the way you put that, the gnashing of his teeth might burst your eardrums!

ANONYMOUS (Bradford).—"Why doesn't JOHN BULL build houses instead of talk?" It is not our business to build houses. But if we had *promised* them, we should either build houses or bust.

F. Q. (Maidstone).—"I have read with horror and disgust your articles on 'Leniency and the Bench'." Yes, some of the findings are so foolish we are tempted to alter the first word to Lunacy.

S. O. (Wexford).—"If the Government would keep their promises like you do yours in the £1,000 prize scheme!" But the difference is that we have got the £1,000 to give.

J. F. (Colchester).—"Is there any record of America lending to Germany in the war?" Undoubtedly, until U.S.A. declared war, individual Yanks made what they could.

"IRISHMAN" (Down).—"The Irish in both South and Western Provinces are bad citizens." What a friendly advance! Do you always "conciliate" people by throwing stones at them?

"TICKLED" (Illinois, U.S.A.).—"Do you see they kidnapped a lecturer here, to prevent an address?" See if you can get them to quote for similar treatment of our Pussyfoots.

"SAM WELLER" (Monmouth).—"Henry Ward Beecher said it is what we give up that makes us rich." Then nineteen out of twenty in this country must be nearly millionaires.

"FAITHFUL READER" (Savoie).—"Rouse the nation from its apathy to the sufferings of the past." The sufferings of the past have been suffered. Let us rather turn to and lessen those of the present.

"KELPIE" (Dunbar).—"This man says no German goods come in, but pushes them." The kind of wolf that protects the lamb until it is big enough to sell for mutton.

N. R. T. (Margate).—"I admire your stand on the long-delayed Liquor Regulations." Thanks. The next time we stand on them, we hope to make them think us a centipede!

J. D. (Barnstaple).—"I am almost afraid to write, as what you don't know is not worth troubling about." Funny how people who start like that always manage to tell us a lot we ought to know!

S. M. (Ormskirk).—"I am tired of paying men to do nothing but keep their hands in their pockets." Still, as long as they do that, they cannot put them in yours.

T. W. (Sidcup).—"Since the war, hundreds of people get incomes no bigger than before." And several have to choose between parting with their car or taking a lodger.

W. C. (Palmer's Green).—"The present system is a damned shame. As an ex-Serviceman I could say more." But it's a pity to squander useful language in hot weather. Send it along about Christmas.

H. F. N. (Mecmenham).—"We cannot patch an old garment with new cloth." Sounds as if you want us to back you up in swapping your hubby's breeks for a pot of geraniums.

"EUREKA" (Derby).—"Couldn't every suspected seditionist be compelled to take an oath of fealty?" Yes; but it would have as much effect as a tiger taking a pledge of vegetarianism.

C. W. (Holloway).—"I send herewith one or two serious thoughts on certain matters." But why waste good brainstorms on matters that don't matter?

"SALLY ANN" (London N.2).—"There was a similar germ in your poem as in my attempt." No, we think your germ was giving an unauthorised impersonation of ours. This must not occur again.

B. S. (Emberton).—"I think the world ought to be dried up and re-created." It seems the only way to get a lot of amateur world-improvers dried up.

J. B. (London, N.W.).—"You won't print my letter because it is true." But truth is not sufficient in itself. If a man writes he is an ass, it may be true—but hardly interesting.

B. A. J. (Battersea).—"Am I not entitled to know my M.P.'s views on a subject?" Of course, but you should give him time to enquire of his Party leaders what his views are supposed to be.

T. F. H. (Brixton).—"Do you think it possible to fake unemployment cards?" Very likely, but even with genuine documents many are finding it easier to get a job than unemployment pay.

I. W. I. (Feltham).—"Why build four useless battle-ships at nine millions each?" It is really a question of the accuracy of your adjective. Why build anything useless, even if it only costs ninepence?

"SIGNA" (Belfast).—"A sense of five-eightness makes one feel his unimportance at times." And a lawyer's six-and-eight will often make one feel quite important.

McD. (Dundee).—"For most of us the wear and tear of life is getting too much." Well, you can always say you'll be darned if you will stand it.

"A SUFFERER" (Wigton).—"I am writing you concerning the Ministry of Labour." If you do get them concerned, the age of miracles is not past.

T. M. O. (Carlisle).—"Some walk in this way to make their vision single." Another good way is to sit on the kerb till you stop seeing "double."

"SARAH ANN" (London, N.2.).—"Do you think women have gone too far?" No, as the dear things travel in a circle, they are bound to be back in the same place soon.

"CAROLINE" (Southwark).—"It must be humanly impossible to note every member of the crowd." It is. Now, if you have bright carroty hair, or an outsize squint, we shall spot you at once.

T. D. O. (Galveston, U.S.A.).—"Drunkenness of the body a man may get over quickly." Not if the jag is produced by imbibing the liniment "whisky" to which Prohibition has reduced your folks.

W. D. T. (Pontypridd).—"What a fuss about people wearing few clothes at the sea-side!" Possibly a dark conspiracy of the tailors to compel them to wear out their wardrobes.

MRS. H. (Eastern Road).—"East is East and West is West." So Kipling said; but nowadays neither by the nose nor the clothes can you tell which is which!

W. C. S. (Edmonton).—"If radium will replace coal, the miners might vote themselves 100 times their wage." Then they would buy up all the radium and we should come back to coal again.

L. B. (Didcot).—"In many collections for ex-Servicemen the collectors get the bunce." Then it is about time those who get the bunce should get the bounce.

H. B. S. (West Kensington).—The number of stamps on your wife's card was insufficient to entitle her to benefit, but that is no excuse for any official bully to advise her to pawn things.

R. M. AND OTHERS.—Preferring for the Census people in good jobs to unemployed ex-soldiers was the most thoughtless, heartless and senseless course even the Government could take.

A. A. (Tiverton).—Finding a needle in a haystack is often cited as the hardest task one can undertake, but fate has a funny habit of placing it in the very bundle you go and sit on.

W. S. J. (Watchet).—"We know Lloyd George is the root of this Licensing business." Precisely, but the worst of it is he has so many tap-roots.

"VICTIM" (Brighton).—"Why cram kiddies with the "jazz" spelling of the "Simplifyd Speling Sosyeti?" It has one virtue—they forget it quicker than they learn it.

E. H. W. (Brighton).—"It doesn't matter how clever you are, without goodness." But nowadays it takes a very clever man to get a reputation for goodness.

J. A. C. (East Ham).—"Why do people get their money from some Labour Exchanges without any trouble?" We can only suggest it must be a gift.

"FROM GEORGE" (New York).—Thanks for card. We suppose the fellow who lives in the 124th storey of the building does it to get as far away from New York as possible.

A. H. (Mhow, India).—"Best wishes from your numerous readers in 7th Hussars." Our compliments in return. Do you still "Give 'em a tin ——it won't be missed"?

O. O. (Nottingham).—When you refer to a clergyman who "idoled his time," we are in some doubt as to whether he did something he shouldn't or did nothing.

J. H. (Whitby).—"The one who hasn't a chance in the race is the one unwilling to try." Or sees an exasperated creditor waiting for him near the winning post!

J. T. (Aberdeen).—"I like to see talkative people in picture houses put out." It is more often the case that their talking puts out the people near them.

C. S. (Canterbury).—"Your friend is yet a stranger. Her innocence is guile." Thanks, but that lost excursion ticket yarn always was a bit too thin for us.

W. H. B. (Newcastle).—"There are many fortunate persons with good permanent posts." These must be the bunch of "indispensables" whom the Government are retaining for "just a little while longer."

T. A. B. (Ashby-de-la-Zouch).—"These Pussyfoots pose as angels in white with psalms in their hands." We would rather expect to get the psalms *via* their noses.

"AUDIO" (Willesden).—"Great gifts are often misused for selfish purposes." Yes, a Scotch friend stopped tipping because he feared the recipients spent the sixpence on wine and women.

"MOLE" (Windsor).—You say the firm will accept any sort of offer, provided you agree to pay. Why not close with that, and suggest leaving them the sum in your will?

"DISTRESSED" (Herne Bay).—"German plots are responsible for many in high positions to-day." Quite a number in fourth floor garrets who used to live on the ground floor will agree with you.

E. G. (Llanbadarn).—"Because I am in 'Welsh Wales' is no reason why I should be fleeced." Certainly not. But it is usually more a fact than a reason.

TRY A
"JOHN BULL" PEN
for a week
AT OUR EXPENSE.
For full particulars see page iii. of cover.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.
By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. *Aug. 13, 1921.*
P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

LETTER BAG.—(Continued.)

E. B. (Thorpe).—"The League of Nations was the worst thing for Britain and the world." Not if there had been a league of nations.

A. T. C. (Sierra Leone).—"I hear you ask 'Who is this again?'" No, it was some other noise you heard.

"CONDUCTOR" (Brixton).—"Don't you think taking too much change from a conductor is mean?" Yes; but we are of the opinion that its meanness is at least equalled by its difficulty.

"BOOKIE" (London, W.C.).—"The totalisator will never take on here." Perhaps not; but it will certainly teach a lesson to certain gents who translate "evens" as "odds on."

J. & E. (Mill Vale).—"Then tarry not for rich attire." We don't, otherwise we should never get up in time for anything.

N. C. S. (Edmonton).—We note that radium power is 6,000 times dearer than coal, so we shall certainly not spend our modest pittance on radium.

B. (Singapore).—Why worry over obvious and jokeless misprints or omissions? If you proposed to "go on a tramp" and the printer omitted the "t"— — — —?

H. R. G. (Oxford).—"There are some men, with large families who ought to be at work." Does that mean these men want to take it easy, or have you misplaced a comma?

W. A. T. (Holborn).—"Russian Jews passing as Scandinavians." About as easy as for the average tom-cat to win a prize in the bull-dog class.

"ANNOYED" (Silvertown).—"Those who buy a racing book want it up-to-date." Then all they have to do is to buy *M'Call's Racing Chronicle*.

W. O. A. (Spitalfields).—"A little while ago I was in the first stage of consumption." Reading a little further we realised it was only the technical process known as "blowing the froth off."

C. H. (Camberley).—"All these poor souls can do is grin and bear it." Well, on the wage you mention, it must be easier to win the V.C. than work up a grin.

F. L. (Bermondsey).—"There never was such doings in our Parliament before." No, paradoxical as it may sound, the more they do you, the more you are undone!

"X." (Chelsea).—"Some day silent thought will supplement speech and writing." But whichever method he adopts, we fear the gent who wants a small loan will contrive to get there.

V. M. (Mentone).—"We all hope your country will be as grateful to you as you deserve." That would satisfy us, but there are some whose system would never stand the shock!

T. E. R. (Balham).—"We need a few more 'John Bulls' in Parliament." Then the old saying might be changed to "Bulls in a china-shop."

S. J. K. (Accrington).—Your leaflet says you "supply coffins, not poultry appliances," but why not the latter? You seem able to supply the crowing all right.

C. H. (South Shields).—"Why not legislate a rate of wages based on pre-war Union rates, together with a sliding scale based upon the rise or fall in the cost of living?" The crux would be the sliding scale.

P. V. M. (Manchester).—"What do you think of this phrase in an advert: 'A clergyman or a gentleman'?" We can only say the writer is rather careless or rather careful.

H. H. (Clapton).—"Can't the working man ever be content with his wages?" Not while they put it "The labourer is worthy of his higher."

J. McL. (Falkirk).—"The soul will light the way to the great dawn." And in the meantime we will not disdain a little help from the light of common sense.

"AN OLD WOMAN."—"I always think of you as curtained from the vulgar gaze." If you saw the office boy's face after a refused day off you would suggest sand-bags.

J. D. (Westcliff).—"I am almost afraid of writing to you." Still, more people die in bed than when writing us—so you might risk it just once.

"TAIL UP" (Croydon).—We should not object if every "Bullets" competitor was "in the habit of including a little for the 'Greatest of Those Fund,'" but no one has ever got round us thereby.

R. R. (Dublin).—"Were the German losses in the battle of Jutland ever known, even approximately?" Of course, but perhaps our authorities feared the Germans might regard publication as an unfriendly act.

A. V. (Croydon).—"Why make so much fuss about a drink after the theatre; what about an ordinary thirst?" But after the sort of plays now offered, the theatre-goer needs to drown his sorrows.

C. W. (Brechin).—"Beware the foe that is softest." Yes; of the oyster and the shell, the latter is the less likely to worry your indigestion.

P. G. (Hornsey).—"I am sure the telephone girls listen to the conversations." Not as much as you think. The average 'phone talk is about as interesting as a list of 'bus-ticket numbers.

T. V. M. (Rendlesham).—"Two friends of the clergyman came to tea." And he told that new joke about his hen laid the eggs, and his servant laid the table?

T. M. A. (Low Moor).—"I believe these Sunday-school slops, such as lemonade, etc., are the cause of half the crime in the country." Anyway, you may have noticed how few crimes are committed during opening hours.

U. A. (Westminster).—"Give the Government credit for trying to solve their problems." Certainly—as much credit as we give the man who takes a light to solve the problem of the gas escape.

R. H. (Belfast).—"I would propose that the Government reduces all prices to pre-war level." But it is by such artificial (and therefore foolish) methods that the Government has landed the country in its present chaos.

"SOL ET LUNA" (Aberdeen).—"Let the coalowners raise the figures of coal to pay the miners what they want." If the price goes any higher, people will want a telescope to see the figures.

A. C. (Lynton).—"Although only 2d. is charged, JOHN BULL is really worth 1s." Thanks; herewith please find debit note for 10d.

E. C. (Marylebone).—"I object to the peremptory tone of advertisements which order me to buy their goods." You are too sensitive. Just reply that you will be hanged first.

L. K. S. (Clapham Junction).—"Those in good positions are just 'mum' and hold tight." And some have been there long enough to become real "mummy."

B. B. (Gray's Inn).—"I am a very little woman, who has had a big stroke of luck." You must be the person who got that article actually reduced (by a careless assistant) at a recent sale?

M. I. G. (Colwyn Bay).—"Nobody would expect to see 'Fly III' under the T's." One never knows. A lot of people have been wondering where flies get to.

A. W. (Park Road, N.).—We cannot quite agree that those who ill-treat animals should be flogged to death. But a dose or two of their own medicine might effect a cure.

H. C. J. (Strand).—"I am using a postcard so that somebody will see it." Too bad to put temptation in the postman's way. Suppose the P.M.G. spotted him sitting on our doorstep reading the card!

J. I. L. (Gloucester).—"I have written twice to a man, and he has not the courtesy to reply." But what you ask probably annoys him. Do you expect a grateful testimonial?

B. A. C. L. (Sheffield).—It is of course wise to insure before going on a holiday, but don't value yourself so highly that it will take your holiday savings to pay the premium.

M. M. (Brockley).—"And there was a great multitude which no man could number." As you don't state the hour, we can only surmise it was a "dole" queue.

S. E. D. (Borough).—"Nobody ever tells me anything." We would be prepared to give a trifle for the secret of how you manage it.

M. M. (Berkeley, Cal.).—"There is an activity of the spirit by which wine can be produced." That may explain how wine labels get on bottles of stuff tasting like germ killer.

L. R. (Chigwell).—"I am on the wrong side of 90." Well, that depends whether you are expecting money or leaving it.

"A READER" (Tunbridge Wells).—A cold may or may not be serious. Along with the rest of his travelling kit, every "personage" includes a variety of minor diseases for cases of emergency.

J. A. B. (Skegness).—"Is there a mistake—the same meals separately cost twice as much as if you book food inclusive?" In the latter case they rely on sea-sickness half the voyage and cuddling a girl the rest!

ARCH. G. (Oakland).—Your remarks noted. But why disguise your writing? Your I.O.U. might be quite good value for 10s.—if you put it on the back of a "Fisher."

"SKIBBO" (Pontefract).—"Our boss hangs a card 'No hands wanted,' but men really wanting jobs take no notice." And as we presume those not wanting jobs also take no notice of it, what actually happens?

F. C. W. (Lowestoft).—"Professional etiquette" would not bar you letting rooms in an hotel. Why should it operate in your house?

D. B. (Brighton).—"It seems I must beg, borrow, or steal money to pay my taxes." If you try to do any of the three at this office, you will never live to tell the tale.

G. C. (Belfast).—"5 weeks ago I signed out of work at Blackpool and not a ½d. yet." Enquire again. You will probably find they are sending it by road!

"CURIOUS" (Lincoln).—"Cannot it be made illegal to will the money to a distant relative if I marry again?" We presume it could be, but why not marry the distant one and run no risks?

O V. M. (Landport).—"I have heard a lot of remarks on the new drink hours." Yes, one poor fellow cried at the thought of "all this lovely thirsty weather going to waste"!

C. J. (Bhagalpur).—"I am making a collection of cuttings from the papers of seditious speeches." And by the time your collection is complete, the authors will have got peerages.

O. C. (Leicester).—"How is it we stand persons lecturing us for not attending church?" You needn't stand it. In fact, their complaint is that you won't sit down while they do it.

L. F. (Loughboro').—It is hard lines to lose one job and have another offered you before you could draw out-of-work pay. But cheer up, the boss may catch you bending any day.

"REGULAR READER" (London, S.W.). "Our sleeping accommodation is as bad as can be." Perhaps the managers think forty nods as good as forty winks.

B. L. A. (Wallsend).—"The rich and poor should help each other." But some of the latter would be satisfied with being allowed to "help themselves."

A. B. A. (Glasgow).—"The Communist secret system has brought numbers of their followers over here." But it is the stupid policy of this country as regards alien immigration which allows them to land.

C. D. (Walton-on-Naze).—"I attended the banquet of the late Marquis of Salisbury in the late 'seventies." Well, if you haven't got over it by this time, you should certainly take something for it.

L. M. (Nine Elms).—"The licensed victuallers should have been consulted about hours, not the brewers." Yes, after all, the brewers haven't got to face the consequences of selling the stuff.

"WOLF" (Hoxton).—"My neighbour is the kind of man who economises by reducing the canaries' food." Worse than the one who gets under the pew to dodge the collection.

S. A. H. (Eastern Rd.).—"Men and women strive to annex each others' gifts." But in breach of promise cases the trouble is to stop the annexation.

MRS. J. (Aldeburgh).—"After all, it is only a vagary of fashion, having men design women's clothes." Still you will admit that in men's ideas there has been a good deal of Worth.

Y. F. (Hatfield).—"It is time these men got some good understandings." Well, if one side or the other got their's hob-nailed, things might move quicker.

H. W. D. (Woodbridge).—The gent who stops his friend's tips from his man's wages is, we suppose, looking forward to a real good week when the man will owe him something.

A. J. H. (Tottenham).—"The sum set aside for doles has long been eaten up." Yes—a reader complained the other day that he was served with a pint which needed a knife and fork!

C. A. (St. Helens).—"There are dressmakers who were on munitions." But we don't suppose they are able to fit their clients to the regulation one-thousandth of an inch.

H. P. (Aldershot).—Drop the "Endless Chain" footle in the waste-paper basket. People who fear the threats in these epistles are soft enough to cut themselves with a picture of a knife.

W. G. W. (Birmingham).—"Since you last heard from me, I have been writing to the Premier." He looked rather worried lately. Perhaps you forgot to stamp your letters.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED is bright and breezy.

2ND PRIZE £20

10 Prizes of £5

10 Prizes of £2-10/-

25 Prizes of 10/-

"BULLETS"

£250

FIRST PRIZE

2,000 Popular Novels

3RD PRIZE £10

100 Prizes of 5/-

500 Prizes of 2/6

2,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example:—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 421.

WHAT WORLD WANTS	ONLY WOMAN	DE VALERA	WHEEL OF FORTUNE
ALL IN GOOD TIME	ON THE SANDS	CAUSE AND EFFECT	MY WEAKNESS
UNCROWNED KING	DIFFERENT GIRL	MOST COMFORTING	FIRST TO SUFFER
TALKING SHOP	MY WIFE HOPES	THE WRONG DOOR	SEASIDE LODGINGS
WHERE HONOUR IS DUE	ROUGH SEAS	PROMISED WORK	PLEASANT SUNDAY
PAST REDEMPTION	RUNNING AWAY	AFTER A BATHE	EASY TO FOLLOW
NO WISER	NEW BROOM	OUR SALVATION	FIGHTING CHANCE
WHEN AT HOME	WORTH KNOWING	NOT ENOUGH	LITTLE MAN

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 18th.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(421) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed____
Address____

☛ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 18th.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(421) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed____
Address____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 421. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 18th.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(421) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 18th.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(421) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed____
Address____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 422.

KING GEORGE—LAND FOR HEROES—WHITE ELEPHANT—PLAYING—FAIR DEVIL—LITTLE KID—STROKE AND WEAK—FIRST PRIZE—AFTER A DRINK—GROWING EVIL—CATCHING IT HOT—I LOVE—EVERYBODY'S WAITING FOR—EASY CHAIR—NO CHICKEN—KISSING THE MAID—SEASIDE PIERROT—JOY AND SORROW—FLAPPER'S GAME—WILLING HANDS.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, SEPT. 1st.** All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number **422** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 422, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition 421.

Result of 419th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. GEORGE STANLEY PEET, 51, Victoria Street, Newark, Notts.
Example:—NOTHING TO SPARE.
Bullet:—"MUCH LESS" TO WASTE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Mr. T. D. HOWATT, 17, Brighton Place, Aberdeen.
Example:—LIKE FURY.
Bullet:—LAWYERS—IN OTHER PEOPLE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. H. MOUNTAIN, 65, Hartley Avenue, Leeds.
Example:—GOVERNMENT WASTE.
Bullet:—"SUICIDE" UNLESS "CUT DOWN."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. J. CLIFFORD, 49, Willow Road, Bournville: UNITED—FOOD MINISTRY'S "DEATHLESS ARMY."
Mr. H. E. SMITH, 10, Wimbourne Rd., Radford, Notts.: BATTLE OF LIFE—INDEPENDENTS GIVING PARTY HACKS.
Mr. W. FLEMING, 32, Brantfell Road, Blackburn: MOTHER COUNTRY—LIVE FOR, NOT ON.
Mr. L. HALL, 24, Kitto Road, New Cross, S.E.14: FELLOW WORKERS—NOSE AND GRINDSTONE ONCE.
Mr. E. LACY, 224, Bohemia Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea: GOOD NEWS—"SOUNDS IRISH" TO-DAY.
Mr. J. ANDERSON, 2, Albion Terrace, Bourne, Lincs.: CARRIED TOO FAR—OFTEN BY WEAKEST MEN.
Mr. H. FAID, 42, Brunswick Terr., Gateshead-on-Tyne: NATION'S HEART—"GUIDE" GOVERNMENT SELDOM "CONSULTS."
Miss L. A. MCKAY, 38, Lammas Street, Carmarthen: SEASIDE SWEETHEART—RARELY "GIVES HIS NAME."
Mr. H. BOWDEN, 1, Gilda Brook Rd., Eccles, Manchester: PERFECT HUSBAND—BOUGHT HIS "TITLE" DEARLY.
Miss E. SMITH, 45, Hans Mansions, Hans Road, S.W.3: GOVERNMENT WASTE—MONEY—BUT SAVE SKINS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. E. JOYNSON, 21, Dale Street, Stockport: A FAT LOT—FOUGHT—FOR BIGGER SALARY.
Mr. A. E. GRAHAM, 57, Oban Road, Southend-on-Sea: PERFECT HUSBAND—BOTH SERVANT AND MASTER.
Mr. C. SALTWELL, 74, Western Road, Romford, Essex: AFTER PLEASURE—JUDGING BY ROADS—EVERYBODY.
Mr. TRANT, c.o. Mr. Lockyer, Cannington, Bridgwater: NOT BORN YESTERDAY—THE WINES CONNOISSEUR WANTS.
Mr. W. J. WHITE, 8, Barlow Road, Acton Hill, W.3: MY HANK BALANCE—SIZE ELIMINATES WASTE.
Mr. J. V. HARDY, 10, Dale Street, Edgeley, Stockport: A LONG TIME—BETWEEN PROPHECY AND PROSPERITY.
Mr. H. WYNNE, Forest Cottage, High St., Lyndhurst: PUT AWAY—MUCH THAT AMAZES ANALYST.
Miss E. DALLY, 20, Headland Park, Mutley, Plymouth: MOTHER COUNTRY—HAS RICH UNCLE ABROAD.
Mr. E. S. TAYLOR, Samares, Jersey, C.I.: CARRIED TOO FAR—WHISPER THAT REACHED WIFE.
Mr. C. FAUTLEY, 42, Westcroft Square, Hammersmith: CLEAN FORGOTTEN—WHEN TWO CHARWOMEN MEET.

List of Ten Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 419 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS?

THE

JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this great and unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 8s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire of Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

August 13, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept. 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

August 13, 1921.

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

FOOTBALL AGAIN!-ONLY TEN RESULTS!

£1,000 MUST BE WON *for* ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** We would advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete.** Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

COUPONS FOR THIS COMPETITION APPEAR EXCLUSIVELY IN "JOHN BULL."

THEY DO *NOT* APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PAPER!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issues of "JOHN BULL" announcing this Competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (One thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given, or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into; nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, August 25th,** will be disqualified.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Cut out Coupon neatly, and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 1, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

RESULT OF CRICKET COMPETITION No. 8.

Mr. J. Chester, The Common, Brimfield, Herefordshire, and Mr. F. Crown, "Rosville," Bournemouth Road, Parkstone, each sent a coupon containing ten correct results of the matches played July 23rd—29th, and, therefore, divide the prize of £250.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 25th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Birmingham	v.	Burnley			
Cardiff City	v.	Tottenham H.			
Oldham Ath.	v.	Bradford City			
Sunderland	v.	Liverpool			
Hull City	v.	South Shields			
Rotherham C.	v.	Wolverh'ton W.			
Stoke	v.	West Ham U.			
Brentford	v.	Merthyr Town			
Norwich City	v.	Luton Town			
Queen's P. R.	v.	Swindon Town			

☞ **Coupons must be cut—not torn out.**

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding.

(1) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

TRY A "John Bull" Pen FOR A WEEK At our Expense

Each Pen is fitted with a 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib and is guaranteed to last for years.

IT is our aim that every reader of "JOHN BULL," man, woman and child, shall be the proud possessor of a "JOHN BULL" Pen, and it is with this end in view that we make the following offer:—

Choose the model that appeals to you, write your name and address on a piece of paper, pinning the coupon below, and enclose remittance as stated.

The pen you have chosen will immediately be despatched to you. Try it for seven days, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied that the *"JOHN BULL" Pen is by far the best value obtainable*, or if the pen does not quite suit your hand, return it to us and we will either exchange it or refund the amount paid in full whichever you refer. *WE* shall not be satisfied until *YOU* are.

No. 1, STANDARD MODEL, thoroughly useful and reliable (*worth 10/6*) - **3/-**

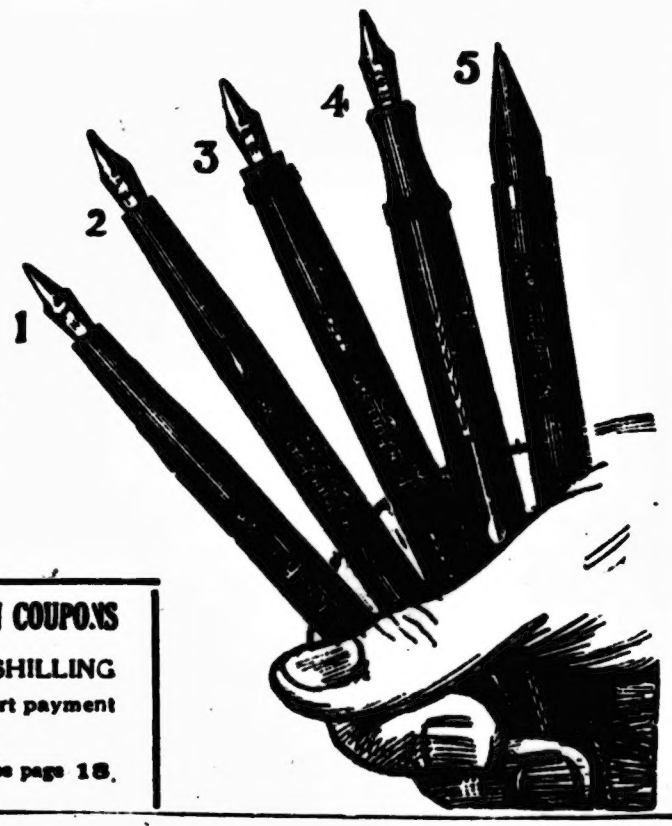
No. 2, DE LUXE MODEL, handsomely chased and superior finish - - **4/3**

No. 3, SAFETY MODEL, can be safely carried in any position - - - **7/-**

No. 4, SELF-FILLING MODEL, lever self-filler. Instantly filled and fitted with safety screw-cap (*as sold at 17/6*) - - - - - **8/9**

No. 5, STYLO, the best obtainable, irrespective of price - - - - **3/6**

Postage on each pen 2d. Pocket Clip to fit any model 3d.



CUT OUT

"J.B." PEN TRIAL COUPON.

To the Manager,
"JOHN BULL" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

In accordance with your offer in "JOHN BULL," issue August 13th please forward me a "JOHN BULL" Pen No. ..... grade (*fine, medium or broad* .....) for which I enclose Postal Order for.....

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPONS

to the value of ONE SHILLING will be accepted in part payment of each Pen.

For this week's coupon see page 18.

Amazing Result of a Course of Maxalding

BEFORE.

TOM BEVAN, Esq.,
85, Bryne Terrace,
Aberbeeg, Mon.,

who was discharged from the army as unfit for further military duties, and who, whilst working underground in the **arduous and unhealthy occupation of a miner, was enabled to regain his lost health** and secure a physique that would put an athlete to shame. Here is given, verbatim, Mr. Bevan's eloquently simple statement, which was UNSOLICITED.

Suffering from Malaria, Anæmia, and disorderly action of the heart (D.A.H.).

Measurements.

Chest, 37 in. (expanded). Neck, 14¾ in. Biceps, R. 12 in., L. 11¾ in. Thighs, 20 in. Calf, 12½ in.

This Photo of Mr. Bevan shows the magnificent development secured by Maxalding.

AFTER.

To Mr. A. M. SALDO.

Dear Mr. Saldo,—I am delighted to think that I have gained in Health and Strength—beyond my wildest imagination—since I first wrote to you nine months ago. I feel convinced, by my own experience, that, if people in general—and colliers in particular—practised a few of your exercises there would be considerably less consumption, asthma, and other chest and lung complaints, which are rampant—especially amongst colliers. I now give my condition after treatment.

(Nine months later.)

ABSOLUTELY FIT.

Measurements.

Chest, 43 in. Neck, 15½ in. Biceps, R. 14½ in., L. 14½ in. Thighs, 22½. Calf, 14½ in.

The Three Branches of MAXALDING are :—

THE CURATIVE TREATMENT, which eradicates Functional Disorders and strengthens the heart, lungs, and other internal organs.

THE HEALTH COURSE, for men and women who are organically sound, but lack nervous energy, and desire to be absolutely fit. Also for those who desire to be as bright mentally and as beautiful physically as nature intended them to be.

THE GREAT STRENGTH COURSE, prepared for men who desire a very fine development and man's crowning Glory—Great Strength.

Write for the Booklet entitled "MAXALDING," and in your letter please state whether you desire to eradicate a Functional Disorder, to develop a Perfect Body, to increase Energy, or to acquire Great Strength.

MAXALDING, 70, New Stone Bldgs., Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

The
CREAMIEST
CUSTARD.
It's the delightful creaminess which makes Foster Clark's Cream Custard such an improvement on the ordinary custard.
Foster Clark's
Cream Custard
So pleasing to the palate it is appreciated by old and young alike. Poured cold over Foster Clark's Jellies it makes a dainty dish. Made in Kent in the Garden of England. It is sold in family tins 1/1, family packets 9½d., and in small packets. Try a package to-day.
Foster Clark Ltd., Maidstone, Kent.

THE
CITY LIFE
Assurance Co., Ltd.

Head Office, 6, Paul Street,
Finsbury, London, E.C.2

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Established in 1897, the Company transacts every class of Life Assurance business, and enjoys a high reputation for the prompt settlement of claims.

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

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